

T H E
CALEDONIAD.

A
COLLECTION

O F
P O E M S,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY BY
SCOTTISH AUTHORS.

Marmora Messalæ findit caprificus, et audax
Dimidios Crispi mulio ridet equos :
At chartis nec furta nocent, et sæcula profunt ;
Solâque non nôrunt hæc monumenta mori.

MARTIAL, B. I. Ep. 2.

*Statues may moulder ; and the Clown, unbred,
Scoff at young Ammon's horse without his head :
But finish'd Writings Theft and Time defy ;
The only Monuments which cannot die.*

HAY.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N :

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near Exeter Exchange, Strand.

M DCC LXXV.

THE
CALLED DO MEAL



A

ORIGINAL POEMS,
AND SONGS.

A SONG, by J. GRAHAM, *Marquis of*
MONTROSE.

PART I.

MY dear and only love, I pray
That noble world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway
But purest monarchie ;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart ;
I'll never love thee more.

Like *Alexander* I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my battery, if I find
Thou scorn'st the prize so fore,
As that thou set'st me up a blind;
I'll never love thee more.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me;
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
Was never heard before:
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.



The SECOND PART.

MY dear and only love, take heed,
 Lest thou thyself expose;
 And let all longing lovers feed
 Upon such looks as those.
 A marble wall then build about,
 Befet without a door;
 But if thou let thy heart fly out,
 I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like vollies shot,
 Make any breach at all,
 Nor smoothness of their language plot,
 Which way to scale the wall;
 Nor balls of wild-fire love consume
 The shrine which I adore:
 For if such smoak about thee fume,
 I'll never love thee more,

I think thy virtues be too strong
 To suffer by surprize;
 Which victuall'd by my love so long,
 The siege at length must rise;
 And leave thee ruled in that health
 And state thou wert before:
 But if thou turn a common-wealth,
 I'll never love thee more.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

But if by fraud, or by consent,
 Thy heart to ruin come,
 I'll sound no trumpet, as I wont,
 Nor march by tuck of drum ;
 But hold my arms, like ensigns up,
 Thy falsehood to deplore,
 And bitterly will sigh and weep,
 And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as *Nero* did,
 When *Rome* was set on fire ;
 Not only all relief forbid,
 But to a hill retire ;
 And scorn to shed a tear to see
 Thy spirit grown so poor ;
 But, smiling, sing until I die,
 I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bore thee once,
 Lest that thy name should die,
 A monument of marble-stone
 The truth shall testify ;
 That every pilgrim passing by
 May pity and deplore
 My case, and read the reason why,
 I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
 Upon this pillar hung,
 A simple heart, a single eye,
 A true and constant tongue.

Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has hearts in store :
True love begun shall never end ;
Love one, and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
But in far different case :
For mine was true, so was not thine,
But look'd like *Janus* face.
For as the waves with every wind,
So fails thou ev'ry shore,
And leaves my constant heart behind ;
How can I love thee more ?

My heart shall with the sun be fixt,
For constancy most strange,
And thine shall with the moon be mixt
Delighting ay in change.
Thy beauty shin'd at first most bright,
And woe is me therefore,
That e'er I found thy love so light,
I could love thee no more.

The misty mountains, smoaking lakes,
The rocks resounding echo ;
The whistling wind that murmur makes,
Shall all with me sing hey ho.
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
Tears dropping from each shore,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes,
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle chaste and true
 Her fellow's death regret,
 And daily mourns for his adieu,
 And ne'er renews her mate;
 So, though thy faith was never fast,
 Which grieves me wond'rous fore,
 Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
 That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about
 These monuments to view,
 Wherein is written in and out,
 Thou traiterous and untrue;
 Then in a passion they shall pause,
 And thus say, sighing fore.
 Alas! he had too just a cause
 Never to love thee more.

And when that tracing Goddess *Fame*
 From east to west shall flee,
 She shall record it to thy shame,
 How thou hast loved me;
 And how in odds our love was such,
 As few has been before;
 Thou lov'd too many, I too much,
 That I can love no more.

THE



T H E

Poor CLIENT's COMPLAINT;

Translated from BUCHANAN.

COLIN, by promise, being oblig'd to pay
 Me such a sum, betwixt and such a day:
 I ask'd it; he refus'd it: I addrest
Aulus the lawyer; he reply'd, 'tis best
 To sue him at the law, I'll make him debtor;
 Your cause is good, there cannot be a better.
 Being thus advis'd, away to *Pate* I trudge,
 Pray him and pay him to bespeak the Judge:
 Engag'd thus far, be't better be it worse,
 I must proceed, and thus I do depurse
 For writing *Summons*, signing, signeting
 With a red plaister and a paper ring;
 For summoning the *Principal*, and then
 For citing witnesses to say, *Amen*;
 For *Executions*, *alias* indorfations;
 For tabling, calling, with continuations:
 Next for consulting *Aulus* and his man;
 (For he must be consulted now and then);
 For pleading in the outer-house and inner
 From ten to twelve; then *Aulus* goes to dinner;
 For writing bills, for reading them, for answers
 More dubious than those of *Necromancers*.

For

For *Interlocutors*, for little *Acts* ;
 For large *Decrets*, and their as large *Extracts* ;
 For *Hornings*, for discussing of *Suspensions*,
 Full stuff'd with lies and frivolous pretensions ;
 For *Please your Lordships*, and such like peti-
 tions,
 For raising and for serving *Inhibitions* ;
 And for *Comprisings* or *Adjudications* ;
 For their allowances for registrations,
 And many, many, many other *ations*,
 Which may be sum'd up in one word *Vexations*.
 Then unexpectedly, upon a small
 Defect alledg'd, *Colin* reduces all :
 We to't again, and *Aulus* doth disjoint
 The process, and debates it point by point.
 The cause at length's *concluded*, but not ended ;
 This made me wonder ! *Aulus* he pretended,
Decrets must not be given out at *random*,
 But must abide a serious *Avifandum*,
 Conform to course of roll ; when that will be,
 Indeed I cannot tell, nor yet can he.

Thus *Aulus* hath for ten years space extended
 The plea, and furthermore I have expended
 Vast sums, *to wit*, For washing, lodging, diet ;
 Yet seldom did I eat or sleep in quiet.
 For coal, for candle, paper, pen, and ink,
 And such like things, which truly one would
 think
 Were insignificant ; but yet they're come
 In ten years space unto a pretty sum.

To *Macers, Turnkeys Agents, Catchpoles, Pates,*
Servants, Sub-servants, Petty-foggers, Cheats;
 For morning-drinks, four-hours, half-gills at
 noon,

To fit their stomach for the *fork* and *spoon*,
 To which they go; but I, poor man! mean
 while,

Slip quietly to th' Earl of *Murrays* Isle *.

We meet again at two, then to digest
 Their bellyfull, they'll have a gill at least,
 Sometimes a double one; for brandy-wine
 Can only end the war call'd intestine:

For *Mum, Sack, Claret, White-wine, Purl, Beer,*
Ale:

Then one will have it new, another stale;
 Both must be pleas'd: For pipes, tobacco,
 snuff,

Twist, *Coffee, Tea*, and also greasy stuff
 Call'd *Chocolate, Punch*, and clarified *Whey*,
 With other drinks, all which I duly pay:
 For rolls, for *nackets, roundabouts, four-cakes;*
 For *Cheshire-cheese*, fresh butter, cookies, bakes,
 For *paunches, saucers, sheep-heads, cheats, plack-*
pyes,

Lamb-legs, lamb-kernels and *lamb-privities;*
Skate, lobsters, oysters, mussels, wilks, neats-tongues;
 One he for *leeks, beer*, and *red-herring* longs:
 This must be had; another doth prefer
Raw-herring, onions, oyl, spice vinegar,

* Old Kirk.

Rare composition ! and he's truly sorry
 It's not in *Culpepper's dispensatory* :
 For apples, pears, plumbs, cherries, nuts, green
 pease,
Dilse, tangles, purslain, turnips, radishes ;
 With forty other things I have forgot,
 And I'm a villain if I paid them not.
 Moreover, my affairs at home sustain
 Both the emergent loss and cessant gain ;
Aulus himself terms this a double loss,
 And I call him and it a triple cross.

By all these means my expence does sur-
 mount

Near ten times ten times *Collin's* first account,
 And now, 'ere that I wholly be bereft
 Of th' little time and money to me left,
 I'm at the length resolved thus to do,
 I'll shun my debtor and my Lawyer too ;
 And after this I never will give credit
 Unto one word, if either of them said it.
 You'll ask, Which of the two I'd rather shun ?
Aulus ; 'tis he, 'tis he hath me undone.
 I've words from both, yet sad experience tells,
 That *Collin* gives, but *Aulus* dearly sells.

T H E



T H E

COUNTRY WEDDING.

*R*OB's *Jock* came to wooe our *Jennie*
 On ae feast day when he was fow ;
 She busked her, and made her bonnie,
 When she heard *Jock* was come to wooe :
 She burnish'd her baith breast and brow,
 Made her as clear as ony clock,
 Then spake our dame, and said, I trow
 You'r come to wooe our *Jennie*, *Jock* !

Ay, dame, says he, for that I yern
 To lout my head, and sit down by you :
 Then spake our dame, and said, My bairn
 Has tocher of her awn to gi' you.
 Tee hee, quoth *Jennie*, teet, I see you ;
 Minnie, this man makes but a mock.
 Why say ye sae ? now leese me o' you,
 I come to wooe your *Jennie*, quoth *Jock*.

My bairn has tocher of her awn,
 Although her friends do nane her lend,
 A stirk, a staig, an acre fawn,
 A goose, a gryce, a clocking hen,
 Twa kits, a cogue, a kirn there ben,

A keam, but and a keaming-stock,
Of dishes and ladles nine or ten.
Come ye to wooe our *Jennie, Jock* ?

A trough, a trencher, and a tak,
A taings, a tullie, and a tub,
A sey-dish and a milking-cap.
A greap into a grupe to grub,
A shode-shool of a holin club,
A froath-stick, can, a creel, a knock,
A braik for hemp, that she may rub,
If ye will marry our *Jennie, Jock*.

A furm, a firloot and a peck,
A rock, a reel, a gay elvand,
A sheet, a happer, and a sack,
A girdle, and a good wheel-band.
Syne *Jock* took *Jennie* by the hand,
And cry'd a banquet, and slew a cock :
They held the bridal upon land,
That was between our *Jennie* and *Jock*.

The bride upon her wedding went
Barefoot upon a hemlock hill ;
The bride's garter was o' bent,
And she was born at *Kelly-mill*.
The first propine he hecht her till,
He hecht to hit her head a knock,
She baked and she held her still ;
And this gate gat our *Jennie Jock*.

When

When she was wedded in his name,
And unto him she was made spouse,
They hasted them soon hame again,
To dinner to the bridal-house.
Jennie fat jouking like a mouse,
But *Jock* was kneef as ony cock:
He says to her, Had up your brows,
And fa' to your meat, my *Jennie*, quoth *Jock*.

What meat shall we set them beforne,
To *Jock* service loud can they cry?
Serve them with sowce and sodden corn,
Till a' their wyms do stand awry:
Of swine's flesh there was great plenty,
Whilk was a very pleasant meat;
And garlick was a sauce right dainty
To ony man that pleas'd to eat.

They had fix lavrocks fat and laden,
With lang-kail, mutton, beef, and brose,
A wyme of paunches tough like plaiden,
With good May butter, milk, and cheese.
Jennie fat up even at the meace,
And a' her friends fat her beside;
They were a' serv'd with shrewd service,
And sae was seen upon the bride.

Out at the back-door fast she slade,
And loos'd a buckle wi' some bends,
She cakied *Jock* for a' his pride,
And jawed out at baith the ends;

So stoutly her mother her defends,
 And says, my bairn's loose in the dock,
 It comes o' cauld, to make it kend;
 Think nae ill o' your *Fennie, Jock*.

Now dame, says he, your daughter I've
 married,

Although you held it never so tough;
 And friends shall see she's nae miscarried,
 For I wat I have gear enough;
 An auld ga'd glyde fell owre the heugh,
 A cat, a cunny, and a cock;
 I want eight ousen, tho' I had the pleugh,
 May not this serve you *Fennie*, quoth *Jock*?

I have good fire for Winter-weather,
 A cod o' caff wou'd fill a cradle,
 A halter, and a good hay-tether,
 A duck about the doors to paddle;
 The pannel of a gude auld saddle,
 And *Rob* may emme hecht me a sock,
 Twa lovely lips to lick a laddle;
 Gif *Fennie* and I agree, quoth *Jock*.

A treen spit, a ram-horn spoon,
 A pair o' boots o' barked lether,
 All graith that's meet to coble shoon,
 A thraw-crook for to twine a tether;
 A sword, a sweel, a swine's bladder,
 A trump o' steel, a feather'd lock,
 An auld scull-hat for winter-weather,
 And meikle mair, my *Fennie*, quoth *Jock*.

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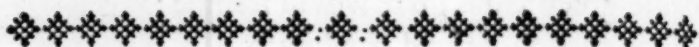
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I have a cat to catch a mouse,
 A girse-green cloak, but it will stenzie;
 A pitch-fork to defend the house,
 A pair of branks, a bridle renzie;
 Of a' our store we need not plenzie,
 Ten thousand flechs intil a pock;
 And is not this a wakerife menzie,
 To gae to bed wi' *Jennie* and *Jock*?

Now when their dinner they had done,
 Then *John* himsell began t' advance;
 He bad the piper play up soon,
 For, be his troth, he wou'd gae dance.
 The piper pip'd till his wyme gripped,
 And a' the rout began to revel:
 The bride about the ring she skipped,
 Till out starts baith the carle and cavel.

Well danc'd *Jockie*, stand aside *Sandie*;
 Well danc'd *twa-faced Willie Strahan*!
 He that tynes a stot o' the spring,
 Shall pay the Bride another laurn.
 Well danc'd *Hugh Fisher*;
 Come, take out the bride and kifs her;
 Well danc'd *Bessie* and *Ste'en*!
 Now sick a dance was never seen
 Since *Christ's Kirk on the green*.



T H E

BANISHMENT OF POVERTY,

(By J. D. of Albany.)

POX fa that poultrin poverty,
 Wae worth the time that I him saw,
 Since first he laid his fang on me
 Myself from him I dought ne'er draw :

His wink to me hath been a law,
 He haunts me like a penny-dog,
 Of him I stand far greater awe
 Than pupil does of pedagogue.

The first time that he met with me
 Was at a clachen in the west,
 Its name, I trow, *Kilbarchan* be,
 Where *Habbie's* drones blew many a blast,

There we shook hands ; could be his cast,
 An ill death may that cuftron die !
 For there he gripped me right fast,
 When first I fell in cautionrie.

But yet in hopes to be reliev'd,
And free'd from that foul ledly lown,
Fernizier, when *Wbigs* were ill mischiev'd,
And forc'd to fling their weapons down ;

When we chas'd them to *Glasgow* town,
I with that swinger thought to grapple,
But when indemnity came down
The laydron caught me by the thrapple.

But yet in hopes of more relief
A race I made to *Arinfrew*
Where they did bravely buff my beef,
And made my body black and blue.

At justice-court I them pursue,
Expecting help for their reproof ;
Indemnity thought nothing due,
The de'il a farthing for my loof.

But wishing that I might ride east,
To trot on foot I soon would tyre,
My page allow'd me not a beast,
I wanted gilt to pay the hyre ;

He and I lap o'er many a fyre,
I heuked him at *Caulder-cult* ;
But long ere I came to *Clypes-myre*
The ragged rogue caught me a whilt.

By *Holland-Bush* and brigg of *Bonny*,
 He bickered down towards *Bankier*,
 We fear'd no reevers for our money,
 Nor whilly-whas to grip our gear;

My tatter'd tutor took no fear.
 (Though we did travel in the mirk),
 But thought it fit, when we drew near,
 To filsh a forage at *Falkirk*.

No man wou'd open me the door,
 Because my comrade stood me by,
 They dread full ill I was right poor
 By my forsaken company.

But *Cuninghame* did me espy,
 By hue and hair he haul'd me in,
 And swore we should not part so dry,
 Though I were stripped to the skin.

I baid all night; but, long ere day,
 My curst companion bade me rise;
 I started soon and took the way,
 He needed not to bid me twice.

But what to do I did advise,
 In *Lithgow* I might not sit down,
 On a *Scots* groat we baited thrice,
 And in at night to *Edinburgh* town.

We

We held the lang-gate to *Leith-wynd*,
Where poorest purses use to be,
And in the *Caltoun* lodged syne,
Fit quarters for such companie.

Yet I the *High-town* fain wou'd see;
But that my comrade did discharge,
He woo'd me *Blackburn's* ale to prie,
And muff my beard that was right large.

The morn I ventur'd up the *Wynd*,
And slunge'd in at the *Nether-bow*,
Thinking that trooker for to tyme
Who does me damage what he dow.

His company he does bestow
On me to my great greif and pain;
Ere I the throng cou'd wrestle throw,
The lown was at my heels again.

I green'd to gang on the *Plain-flanes*
To see if comrades wou'd me ken;
We twa gaid pacing there our lains,
The hungry hours 'twixt twelve and ane.

Then I knew no way how to fen,
My guts rumbl'd like a *Hurle-barrow*;
I din'd with faints and noble-men,
Ev'n sweet saint *Giles* and Earl of *Murray*.

Tykes test'ment take them for their treat,
 I needed not my teeth to pike,
 Though I was in a cruel sweate,
 He set not by, say what I like.

I call'd him Turk and traiked Tyke,
 And wearied him with mony a curse,
 My banes were hard like a stane dyke,
 No *Rigmarie* was in my *Purse*.

Kind widow *Caddel* sent for me,
 To dine as she did oft forsooth,
 But O, alas ! that might not be :
 Her house was o'er near the *Talbooth*.

Yet God reward her for her love,
 And kindness which I fectlie fand,
 Most ready still for my behoof
 'Ere that hells hound took her in hand.

I slipt my page and stour'd to *Leith*
 To try my credit at the wine,
 But foul a dribble fyl'd my teeth ;
 He catch'd me at the *Coffee-sign*.

I staw down through the *Neither-wynd*;
 My Lady *Semple's* house was near ;
 To enter there was my design,
 Where Poverty durst ne'er appear.

I dined

and S O N G S.

I dined there, but baid not lang ;
My Lady fain wou'd shelter me,
But oh, alas ! I needs must gang,
And leave that comely company.

Her lad convoy'd me with her key
Out-throw the garden to the fields ;
'Ere I the links could graithly see,
My governour was at my heels.

I dought not dance to pipe nor harp ;
I had no stock for cards nor dice ;
But I fure to Sir *William Sharp*,
Who never made his counsel nice.

That little man he is right wise,
And sharp as ony brier can be ;
He bravely gave me his advice
How I might poison poverty.

Quoth he, There grows hard by the dial,
In *Hatton's* garden, bright and sheen,
A fovereign herb, call'd *penny-royal*,
Which all the year grows fresh and green.

Could ye but get it fair and clean,
Your business would go the better ;
But let account of it be seen
To the Physicians of *Exchequer*.

Or if that ticket ye bring with you,
Come unto me, ye need not fear ;
For I some of that herb can gi'e you,
Which I have planted this same year.

Your Page it will cause disappear,
Who waits on you against your will ;
To gather it, I shall you lear
In my own yards of *Stonny-hill*.

But when I dreed that whou'd not work,
I over-thought me of a wile
How I might at my leifure lurk,
My graceless guardian to beguile.

It's but my gallopping a mile
Through *Cannongate* with little loss,
Till I have sanctuary a while
Within the girth of *Abbey-crofs*.

There I wan in ; and blith was I
When to the *Inner-court* I drew ;
My governour I did defy,
For joy I clapt my wings and crew.

There messengers dare not pursue,
Nor with their wants men's shoulders steer ;
There dwells distressed lairds enow
In peace, though they have little gear.

I had not tarried an hour or two
 When my blest fortune was to see
 A fight, fure by the might of *Mary*
 Of that brave Duke of *Albany*.

Where one blink of his princely eye
 Put that foul fundling to the flight;
 Frae me he banish'd *Poverty*,
 And made him take his last good-night.



A

GENERAL SATYRE.

(By Mr. Dunbar.)

I.

DE VORIT with dreims devising in my
 slumber,
 How that this realm with nobles out of number,
 Gydit, provydit fae mony years has bene;
 And now sic hunger, sic cowarts and sic cumber,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

II.

Sic pryd with prelates, fae few preach and pray;
 Sic hunt of harlots, with them baith nicht and
 day,

They

They that suld have ay their God afore their
ene,
Sae nyce in array, fae strange to their abay,
Within this land was nevir hard nor feern.

III.

Sae many preists, clad up in secular weid,
With blasfing briests casting their clais abreid;
It is no neid to tell of quhome I mein,
To quhome the creid and testament to reid,
Within, &c.

IV.

Sae many maisters, fae many gowckit clerks,
Sae many waisters, to God and all his warks,
Sic fyrie sparks, dispytful frae the splene,
Sic losin farkes, fae many glengore marks,
Within, &c.

V.

Sae many lords, fae many natural fules,
That better accords to play them at the trules,
Nor feis the dules, that commons did sustene;
New tane frae schules, fae many assis and mules,
Within, &c.

VI.

Sae meikle treasson, fae many partial saws,
Sae little reason, to help the common cause,
That

That all the laws are not set by ane bene,
 Sic fenziel flaws, sae mony wastit waws,
 Within, &c.

VII.

Sae mony theivis and murderers weil kend,
 Sae grit releivs of lords them till defend,
 Because they spend the pelf themselves betwene,
 Sae few till wend this mischief till amend,
 Within, &c.

VIII.

This to correct, they shore with mony cracks,
 But small the effect of spear or battle ax,
 Quhen courage lacks, that suld the cross make
 kein,
 Sae mony jacks, and brats on beggars backs,
 Within, &c.

IX.

Sic vants of voustours, with hearts in sinful satires,
 Sic brawl and bosters, degenerate frae their natures,
 And sic regratours, the poor man to prevent;
 Sae mony traitors, sae mony rubeators,
 Within, &c.

X.

Sae many judges, and lords new made of late,
 Sae small refuges, the pure man to debate;

Sae mony estate, for common weil se quhene
Owre all the gate, fae mony thieves fae tait,
Within, &c.

XI.

Sae mony a sentance, retreitit for to win
Geir and acquaintance, or kyndness of their kin;
They think nae sin, quhair profit cums be-
twene,
Sae mony a gin, to haist them to the pin,
Within, &c.

XII.

Sic knavis and krakkars, to play at cards and dyce,
Sic haland-shakers quhilk ate *Cowkelby's* gryce,
Ar halden of pryce, when lymers do convene:
Sic store of vyce, fae mony witts unwyse,
Within, &c.

XIII.

Sae mony merchands, fae mony ar menfworne,
Sic pure tennands, sic cursing ein and morn,
Quhilk flays the corn, and fruit that grows
grene;
Sic skaith and skorn, fae mony paitlaits worn,
Within, &c.

XIV.

Sae mony rackets, fae mony ketch-pillars,
Sic balls, sic nackets, and sic tutivilairs,

And

And sic ill-willars, to speik of King and Quene,
Sic pudding-fillars, descending down frae Millar's,
Within, &c.

XV.

Sic fardingails on flags as fat as quails,
Fattit lyk fouls, with hats that nocht avails,
And sic foul tails, to sweip the caushey clene,
The dust up fails, fae mony with uck rails.
Within, &c.

XVI.

Sae mony a kitty, drest up in golden chenze,
Sae few are witty, that weil can fables fenze,
With apil renze, ay shawnand her golden
chene ;
Of Sathan's senzie sure sic an unsuall menzie,
Whithin this land was nevir hard nor sene.

*A Tale of a MUIR-COCK.*

(By Alexander Pennecuik, Esq.)

FROM antient nest did spring a droll muir-
cock,
Who gravely preach'd to all the feather'd flock ;
Tho' he was known to be no bird of brains,
By lusty lungs he pick'd up wholesome grains.
D 2 The

The idiot birds did round their pastor throng,
 And listen'd to his heather-blitter song.
 Two nests he had; from whence he'd weekly
 preach,

By law secur'd, and out of danger's reach.
 Had not he said, that title to the crown
 The eagle had, was just as bad's his own;
 Which being join'd with an excessive drouth,
 The sanhedrim of birds shut up his mouth.
 Such was his drouth, he could have drunk the
 sea,

Tho' birds of grace should always sober be.
 He never preach'd save at a river's brink,
 Daub'd in his beak, and guzzled down the drink.
 He lost his text when on a naked rock,
 But liquor put fresh spirits in the cock.
 So lost his stipends, almost lost his breath,
 For he lay hungry on the naked heath:
 But driving wedlock with a sly muir-hen,
 Who cunning had amongst the most of men,
 She was related to the birds of grandeur,
 And beensh'd and peensh'd, and to each bush
 did wander;

And cry'd and ly'd, till her rich friends did give
 Fund for herself, and cock and pout to live:
 Whilst he thro' want and infamy was cross'd,
 Still thinking on the happy nests he lost;
 Sending addressees to the sacred train,
 That they'd repon him to those nests again, }
 Which they rejected with a cold disdain. }
 At last he plots with resolution stout,
 Away to get rich husband to the pout;

Intice'd

Intice'd a witlefs, young, well-feather'd bird,
 With many a filken and a fugar word,
 Till fuddl'd with intoxicating freams,
 His head's a-float with airy am'rous dreams;
 Feeding and fafting on the pout's fair face,
 Said, Reverend cock, pronounce the rites of
 grace;

Who like a grave and venerable cock,
 Did fay the grace, and made them married folk;
 Blest the young birds, and all the drunken gof-
 fips:

Fifflula dulce canit, volucrem dum decipit auceps.



The MILLER CUCKOLDED.

(By the fame.)

NOW lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
 Wha ken the benefit of wine;
 And you wha laughing fcud brown ale,
 Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honeft Miller won'd in Fyfe,
 That had a young and wanton wife,
 Who fometimes thol'd the parish-prieft
 To make her man a twa horn'd beaft;
 He paid right mony vifits till her;
 And, to keep in with Hab the miller,

Endea-

Endeavour'd aft to make him happy,
 Where-e'er he kend the ale was nappy,
 Sic condescension in a pastor,
 Knit Halbert's love to him the faster;
 And by his converse, troth its true,
 Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
 Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
 The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd.
 This grand his corns, and that did cherish
 Himself with dining round the parish.
 Bess, the goodwife, thought it nae skaith,
 Since she was able to serve baith.

When equal is the night and day,
 And Ceres gives the schools the play;
 A youth sprung from a gentle *pater*,
 Bred at St. Andrew's *alma mater*,
 Ae day gaan hameward, it fell late,
 And him benighted by the gate:
 To lye without, pit-mirk did shore him,
 He cou'd na see his thumb before him:
 But clack,—clack,—clack, he heard a mill,
 Whilk led him by the lugs theretill;
 To take the thread of tale alang,
 This mill to Halbert did belang;
 Not less this note your notice claims,
 The scholar's name was aMister James.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude's past,
 Smoothly relate a tale shall last,
 As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,
 As lang as wind or water-mills.

In entered James ; Hab saw and kend him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him,
With sic good cheer as he could make,
Baith for his ain and master's sake.
The scholar thought himself right sped,
And gave him thanks in terms well bred :
Quoth Hab, I canna leave my mill
As yet ;—but step ye west the kill
A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame ;
Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
'Till I set aff the mill, syne we
Shall take what Befsy has to gi'e.
James in return, what's handsome said,
O'er lang to tell ; and aff he gade.
Out of the house some light did shine,
Which led him till't as with a line :
Arriv'd, he knock'd ; for doors were steekit ;
Straight through a window Befsy keekit,
And cry'd, " Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright,
" At sic untimous time of night ?"
James with good humour, maist discreetly,
Tauld her his circumstance compleatly.
" I dinna ken ye, quoth the wife,
" And up and down the thieves are rise ;
" Within my lane, I'm but a woman,
" Sae I'll unbar my door to no man ;
" But since 'tis very like, my dow,
" That a' your telling may be true,
" Hae, there's a key, gang in your way,
" At the neist door, there's bra ait strae ;
" Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn,
" They're no ill-lodg'd that get a barn."

Thus

Thus after meikle clitter clatter,
 James fand he cou'd na mend the matter;
 And since it might nae better be,
 With resignation took the key,
 Unlock'd the barn,—clam up the mow,
 Where was an opening near the how,
 Thro' whilk he saw a glent of light,
 That gave diversion to his sight;
 By this he quickly cou'd discern,
 A thin wa' separate house and barn,
 And thro' this rive was in the wa',
 All done within the house he saw;
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,
 And scarce gave credit to his een,)
 The parish priest, of reverend fame,
 In active courtship with the dame.
 To lengthen our description here,
 Wou'd but offend the modest ear,
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,
 That we by satire strive to tame.
 Suppose the wicked action o'er,
 And James continuing still to glowr;
 Wha saw the wife, as fast as able,
 Spread a clean servet on the table,
 Frae the ha' ingle syne bring ben,
 A pyping het young roasted hen,
 And twa good bottles, stout and clear,
 Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But, wicked luck! just as the priest
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,

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Th' unwelcome miller ga'e a roar,
 Cry'd Bessy, haste ye, ope the door:—
 With that the haly letcher fled,
 And darn'd himself behind a bed;
 While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,
 That nought the cuckold might espy,
 Syne loot him in;—but out of tune,
 Speer'd why he left the mill fae soon.
 I come, said he, as manners claims,
 To crack and wait on Master James,
 Whilk should do, tho' ne'er so bissy;
 I sent him here, goodwife, where is he?
 "Ye sent him here!" quoth Bessy, grumbling;
 "Kend I this James? a chiel came rumbling:
 "But how was I assur'd when dark,
 "That he had been nae thievish spark?
 "Or some rude wench gotten a dose,
 "That a weak wife could ill oppose?"
 And what came o' him? speak nae langer
 Cries Halbert, in a highland anger.
 "I sent him to the barn, quo she,"
 "Gae quickly bring him in, quoth he."

James was brought in;—the wife was
 bawk'd;

The priest stood clos;—the miller crack'd:—
 Then ask'd his funken gloomy spouse,
 What supper had she in the house,
 That might be suitable to gie
 Ane of their lodger's quality?
 Quoth she, "Ye may well ken, goodman,
 "Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan:

" The stov'd and roasted we afford,
 " Are aft great strangers on our board."
 Pottage, quoth Hab, ye senseless tawpy!
 Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy,
 And that his gentle stomach's master,
 To worry up a pint of plaister,
 Like our mill-knaves that lift the laiding,
 Whase kites can streak out like raw plaiding.
 Swithe! roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
 And send for ale to Mappy Pickens,
 " Hout I, quoth she, ye may well ken,
 " 'Tis ill brought but that's nae the ben;
 " When but last owk, nae farder gane,
 " The laird got all to pay his kain."

Then James-wha had as good a gues,
 Of what was in the house as Bess,
 With pauky smile, this plea to end,
 To please himself and ease his friend;
 First open'd with a flee oration,
 His wond'rous skill in conjuration.
 Said he, " By this fell art I'm able,
 " To whop aff any great man's table,
 " What e'er I like to make a mail of,
 " Either in part or yet in hail of;
 " And if you please, I'll shaw my art."—
 Cries Halbert, " Faith, with all my heart."
 Bess sain'd herself,—cry'd, Lord be here!
 And near hand fell a-swoon for fear:
 James leugh, and bad her naithing dread,
 Syne to his conjuring went with speed;

And

And first he drew a circle round,
 Then utter'd many a magic sound,
 Of words part Latin, Greek and Dutch,
 Enough to fright a very witch:
 That done, he says, now, now 'tis come,
 And in the boal beside the lum:
 Now set the board; goodwife gae ben,
 Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen.
 She wadna gang, but Haby ventur'd,
 And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,
 It smell'd sae well, he short time saught it,
 And wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it;
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it;
 With eyes he gaz'd, with nose he smelt it:
 Thus ilka sence he did conveyen,
 Left glamour had beguil'd his een;
 They all in an united body,
 Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.
 Nae mair about it, quoth the miller,
 The fowl looks well, and we'll fa' till her;
 Sae be't, says James: and in a doup,
 They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.

Neist, O crys Halbert, "Cou'd your skill,
 " But help us to a waught of ale,
 " I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
 " And offer to the de'il my wife,
 " To see if he'll discreeter make her,
 " But that I'm fear'd he winna take her."
 Said James, "Ye offer very fair,
 " The bargain's hadden, say nae mair."

Then thrice he shook a willow wand,
 With kittle words thrice gave command;
 That done, with look both learn'd and grave,
 Said, "Now ye'll get what ye would have;
 "Twa bottles of as nappy liquor,
 "As ever ream'd in horn or bicker;
 "Behind the ark that hads your meal,
 "Ye'll find twa standing corked well.
 He said, and fast the miller flew,
 And frae their nest the bottles drew;
 Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
 Whase art had gar'd him feed on roasted,
 His father's neist;—and a' the rest
 Of his good friends that wish'd him best.
 Which were o'er langsome at the time,
 In a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus while the miller and the youth,
 Were blythly flock'ning of their drouth,
 Bes, fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
 The priest enclos'd stood vext and sweating.

"O vow! said Hab, if ane might speer,
 "Dear master James, wha brought our cheer?
 "Sic faits appear to us sae awfu',
 "We hardly think your learning lawfu'."

To bring your doubts to a conclusion,
 Says James, "Ken I'm a Rosicrucian,
 "Ane of the sect that never earries
 "On traffic with black de'ils or fairies;
 There's

" There's mony a sp'rit that's nae a deil,
 " That constantly around us wheel.
 " There was a sage call'd Albumazor,
 " Whase wit was gleg as ony razor,
 " Frae this great man we learn'd the skill,
 " To bring these gentry to our will,
 " And they appear, when we've a mind,
 " In ony shape of human kind:
 " Now, if you'll drop your foolish fear,
 " I'll gar my Pacolet appear."

Hab fidg'd, and leugh, his elbow clew,
 Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view;
 At last his courage wan the day,
 He to the scholar's will gave way.

Bessy by this began to smell
 A rat; but kept her mind to'r fell;
 She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
 But mean time tip't young James a wink;
 James frae his eyes another sent,
 Which made the wife right well content;
 Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd,
 " Whate'er you see be nought surpris'd;
 " But for your faul move not your tongue,
 " And ready stand with a great rung;
 " Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,
 " Be sure to lend him a sound rout.
 " I bidna this be way of mocking,
 " For nought delys him more than knocking."
 Hab got a kent,—stood by the hallan,
 And straight the wild mischievous callan,
 Cries,

Cries, *Radamanthus, hingo, mingo,*
Monk-horner, hippoc, jinko, jingo,
 Appear in likenefs of a priest,
 Not like a de'il in fhape of beaft,
 With gaping chafts to fear us a';
 Wa'k forth, the door ftands to the wa'.

Then frae the hole where he was pent,
 The prieft approach'd right well content,
 With filent pace ftade o'er the floor,
 Till he was drawing near the door:
 Then, to efcape the cudgel, ran;
 But was not mift by the goodman,
 Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,
 That gart him o'er the threshold founder;
 Darknefs foon hid him frae their fight;
 Ben flew the miller in a fright.
 " I trow, quoth he, I laid well on;
 " But, vow, he's like our ain Mefs John!



POLEMO MIDDINIA,

I N T E R

* Vitārvam et † Nebernā.

(By W. Drummond, of Hawthornden, Esqr.)

NYMPHÆ, quæ colitis highiffima mon-
 ta Fifea,
 Seu vos Pittenweema tenent, feu Crelia crofta,

* The Lady Scotstarvet.

† The Lady Newbarns.

Sive

Sive Anstrea domus, ubi nat haddocus in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, ubi fleucca et sketta per-
errant

Per costam et scopulos, lobster monifootus in
udis

Creepat, et in mediis ludit whitenius undis :
Et vos skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foras, iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas bottas, shippasque picatas,
Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate bloo-
deam,

Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda deum, quoque nympharum cockleshelle-
arum ;

Maia ubi sheepifeda, et folgoosifera bassa
Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus Edinum,
Postabat radiis madidis et shouribus atris.

* * * * *

Quo viso, ad fechtæ noisam cecidere volucres ;
Ad terram cecidere grues, plish plashque dedere
Solgoosæ in pelago prope littora Brunteliana ;
Seasutor obstrupuit, summique in margine faxi
Scartavit prælustre caput, wingasque stappavit.
Quodque magis, altè volitans heronius ipse
Ingeminans clig clag mediis shitavit in undis.

Namque à principio storiā tellabimus
omnem.

Muckreiliūm ingentem turbam Vitarvā per agros
Nebernæ

Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,
 Ite hodie armati greppis, drivate caballos
 Nebernæ per crosta, atque ipsas ante fenestras.
 Quòd si fortè ipsa Neberna venerit extrà,
 Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo.

Hic aderant Geordy Aikenheadus, et Rob
 Littlejohnus,

Et Jamy Richæus, et stout Michel Henderfonus,
 Qui gillitripis ante alios danfare solebat,
 Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonæas;
 Duncan Oliphantus, valde stalvartus, et ejus
 Filius eldestus, jolyboyus atque oldmoudus,
 Qui pleugham longo gado drivare solebat,
 Et Rob Gib, wantonus homo, atque Oliver
 Hutchin,

Et plouky-fac'd Watty Strang, atque inkneed
 Alishinder Aitkin,

Et Willy Dick, heavy-arstus homo, pigerrimus
 omnium,

Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
 Valde lethus pugnare; sed hunc Corngreivus
 heros

Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
 Insuper hic aderant Tom Taylor, et Henry
 Watfonus,

Et Tomy Gilchristus, et fool Jocky Robinsonus,
 Andrew Alshenderus, et Jamy Tomfonus, et
 unus

Norland-bornus homo, valde valde Anticove-
 nanter,

Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter,
 (De'il

(De'il-stick-it! ignoro nomen) slavry-beardius
homo,
Qui pottas dightavit, et affas jecerat extrâ.

Denique præ reliquis Geordæum affatur, et
inquit,
Geordi mi formanne, inter stoutissimus omnes,
Huc ades, et crooksaddelos, hemmasque, cre-
lesque,
Brechemesque simul omnes bindato jumentus,
Amblentemque meum naggum, fattumque ma-
riti
Curforem, et reliquos trottantes sumito averos:
In cartis yokkato omnes: extrahito muckam
Crosta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras,
Nebernæ; et aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur,
In sydas tu pone manus, et dicito *Farte jade*.

Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit ave-
ros,
Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, et
illi
Extemplo cartas bene fillavere jigantes.
Whistlavere viri, workhorfosque ordine fwiros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes; et sic turba horrida muſtrat.
Haud aliter quam si cum multis Spinola troupis
Proudus ad Ostendam marchaffet fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios dux Piper Laius heros
Precedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine
pypam,
Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare battellum.

Tunc Neberna furens yettām ipsa egressa,
 videnſque
 Muck-cartas tranſire viam; valde angria facta,
 Non tulit affrontam tantam; verum, agmine
 facto,
 Convocat extemplo barrowmannos atque ladæos,
 Jackmannumque, hiremannos, pleughdrivſters
 atque pleughmannos,
 Tumulantefque ſimul reekoſo ex kitchine boyos;
 Hunc qui dirtiferas terſit cum diſhcloute diſhas,
 Hunc qui gruelias ſcivit bene lickere plettas,
 Et ſaltpannifumos, et widebricatos fiſheros;
 Hellæoſque etiam ſalteros duxit ab antris,
 Coalheughos nigri girnantes more divelli:
 Liſe-guardamque ſibi ſævas vocat improba laſſas,
 Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
 Et doctam ſweepare flooras, et ſternere beddas,
 Quæque novit ſpinnare, et longas ducere three-
 das;
 Nanſæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
 Yellatemque Elpen, longo-berdamque Anapel-
 lam,
 Fartatemque ſimul Gyllam, gleidamque Katæam,
 Egregiè indutām blacko caput ſooty clouto;
 Mammæamque ſimul vetulam, quæ ſciverat
 aptè
 Infantum teneras blandè oſcularier arſas;
 Quæque lanam cardare ſolet greaſy-fingria Betty,

 Tum demum hungræos ventres Neberna gru-
 elis

Farſit

Farſit,

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Farfit, et guttas raufinibus implet amaris;
 Poſtea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus hau-
 ſtum.

Staggrave omnes, grandesque ad fidera riftas
 Barmifumi attollunt, et ſic ad prælia marchant.
 Nec mora, marchavit foras longa ordine turma;
 Ipſa prior Neberna ſuis ſtout facta ribaldis,
 Ruſtæum manibus geſtans furibunda gulæum,
 Tandem muckrelios vocat ad pellmellia flaidos:
 Ite, ait, uglæi fellows, ſi quis modo poſthac
 Muckifer has noſtras tentet croſſare feneftras,
 Juro quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapel-
 lum,

Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc
 Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
 Heart-bloodum fluere in terram. Sic verba
 finivit.

Obſtupuit Vitarva diu, dirtflaidæ; ſed inde
 Couragium accipiens, muckrelios ordine cunctos
 Middini in medio faciem turnare coëgit.

O qualem primo fleuram guſtaſſes in ipſo
 Battelli onſetto! pugnant muckrelius heros
 Fortiter, et muckam per poſteriora cadentem
 In crelibus ſhoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.

O quale hoc hurly-burly fuit, ſi forte vidiffes
 Pypantes arſas, et flavo ſanguine breikas
 Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia fain-
 tas!

O qualis firy-fary fuit ! namque alteri nemo
 Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yeildare volebat.
 Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta
 caterva.

Tum verò è medio muckdrivster profilit unus,
 Gallantæus homo, et greppam mintat in ipsam
 Nebernā, (quoniam miserè scaldaverat omnes)
 Dirtavitque totam petticottam guttere thicko,
 Pearlneasque ejus skirtas, filkamque gownæam,
 Vasquineamque rubram mucksherdâ begariavit.
 Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit
 Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque
 profundum.

Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum :
 Exemplo Gyllæa ferox invasit, et ejus
 In faciem girnavit atrox, et tigrîda facta
 Bubblentemque grippans berdā, sic dixit ad
 illum :

Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.
 Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
 Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
 Gallantæi hominis gashberdom besmeareavit :
 Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneefing valde operativum,
 Pro præmio, fwingere, tuo : tum denique flaido
 Ingentem Gilly Wamphra dedit, validamque ne-
 vellam :

Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
 Ambobus fugere ex oculis. Sic Gylla triumphat.
 Obstupuit bambaizdus homo, backumque repentè
 Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset, et O fy !
 Ter quater exclamat, et ô quam foedè neefavit !

Dis-

Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius
homo,

Laufavitque suprà, atque infrà, miserabile visu :
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurit absens,
Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worfa tulisset.

Hæc Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy, fy! exclamat, prope nune victoria losta est.
Nec mora terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti Monsmegga cracasset.
Tum vero quackarunt hostes, flightamque repentè
Sumpserunt: retrospexit jackmannus, et ipse
Sheapheadus metuit sonitumque victumque buleti.

Quod si King Spanis, Philippus nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare Sluissam, Sluissam dingasset in assam.
Aut si tot magnus Ludovicus fortè dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,
Ipsam continuò townam dingasset in yerdam.

Exit Corngrèvius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Consilliumque meum si non accipitis inquit,
Pulchras scartabo facies, et vos worriabo.
Sed needlo per feustram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stobbatus, greitans, lookansque greivatè
Barlasumle clamat, et dixit, O Deus! O God!

Quid multis? sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris.



A U L D K Y N D N E S S

Quite forzet quhen ane grows pure.

I.

THIS world is all but fenzier fair,
 And as unstable as the wind,
 And faith is flemit I wat not quhair,
 Treft fallowship is ill to find;
 Gude conscience is all made Blind,
 And charity thairs nane to get;
 Leil luv and lawty lys behind,
 And auld kyndnefs is quite forzet.

II.

Quhyle I had ony thing to spend,
 And stuffit weil with warlds wrack,
 Amang my friends I was weil kend;
 Quhen I was proud and had a pack,
 They wad me be the oxtar tak,
 And at the hich buird I was fet;
 But now they let me stand a back,
 Sen auld kyndnefs is quite forzet.

III.

Now I can find but friends few,
 Sen I was prized to be poor,

They

They hald me now but for a shrew :
 Of me they take but little cure :
 All that I do is but injure :
 Thoch I be bair I may not bett,
 They let me stand upon the flure,
 Sen auld kyndnefs is quite forzet.

IV.

Suppose I'm mein I am nocht mendit,
 Sen I held part with povertie,
 Away sen that my pack was spendit,
Adieu all liberality.
 The proverb now is trew I see,
Quha may not give will little get ;
 Therefore to say the verity,
 Now auld kyndnefs is quite forzet.

V.

They wald me hals with hude and hat,
 Quhyle I was rich and had enouch :
 About me friends enow I gat,
 Richt blythly then on me they leuch ;
 But now they mak it wonder teuch,
 And lats me stand before the zet ;
 Therfoir this warld is very freuch,
 And auld kyndnefs is quite forzet.

VI.

VI.

As lang as my ain cap stude even,
 I zied but feindle myne allane,
 I squyrit was with sax or sevin,
 Ay quhyle I gave them twa for ane;
 But suddenly frae that was gane,
 They passed me by with hands plett,
 With puirtith frae I was o'ertane,
 Then auld kyndness was quite forzet.

VII.

Into this warld suld nae man trow,
 Thou may weil see the reason quhy;
 For ay but gif thy hands be fou,
 Thou art but little setten by;
 Thou art not tane in company,
 Bot there be fund fish in thy net:
 Therefore this false warld I defy,
 Sen auld kyndness is quite forzet.

VIII.

Sen that nae kyndness kepit is;
 Into this warld that is present,
 Gif thou wald cum to heavins blifs,
 Thyself appeist with sober rent;
 Live weil and give with gude intent,
 To every man his proper debt;
 Quhait eir God send hald thee content,
 Sen auld kyndness is quite forzet.

OLD-



OLD-LONG-SYNE.

First part.

SHOULD old acquaintance be forgot,
 And never thought upon,
 The flames of love extinguished,
 And freely past and gone?
 Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
 In that loving breast of thine,
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On old-long-syne?

Where are thy protestations,
 Thy vows and oaths, my dear,
 Thou made to me, and I to thee,
 In register yet clear?
 Is Faith and truth so violate
 Unto the Gods divine?
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On old-long-syne?

Is't *Cupid's* fears, or frosty cares,
 That makes thy sp'rits decay?
 Or is't some object of more worth,
 That's stoll'n thy heart away?
 Or some desert makes thee neglect
 Him, so much once was thine,
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On old-long-syne?

VOL. III.

G

Is't

50 ORIGINAL POEMS,

Is't worldly cares so desperate,
That makes thee to despair?
Is't that makes thee exasperate,
And bids thee to forbear?
If thou of that were free as I,
Thou surely should be mine,
If this were true, we should renew
Kind old-long-syne.

But since that nothing can prevail,
And all my hope is vain,
From these rejected eyes of mine
Still showers of tears shall rain:
And tho' thou hast me now forgot,
Yet I'll continue thine,
And ne'er forget for to reflect
On old-long-syne.

If e'er I have a house, my dear,
That truly is call'd mine,
And can afford but country cheer,
Or ought that's good therein?
Tho' thou were rebel to the king,
And beat with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome love,
For old-long-syne.



SECOND

SECOND PART.

MY soul is ravish'd with delight,
 When you I think upon;
 All griefs and sorrows take the flight,
 And hastily are gone;
 The fair resemblance of your face
 So fills this breast of mine,
 No fate nor force can it displace,
 For old-long-syne.

Since thoughts of you doth banish grief,
 When I'm from you remov'd;
 And if in them I find relief,
 When with sad cares I'm mov'd;
 How doth your presence me affect
 With ecstacies divine!
 Especially when I reflect
 On old-long-syne.

Since thou hast robb'd me of my heart
 By those resistless powers,
 Which Madam *Nature* doth impart
 To those fair eyes of yours;
 With honour it doth not consist
 To hold a slave in pyne;
 Pray let your vigour then desist,
 For old-long-syne.

'Tis not my freedom I do crave
 By deprecating pains;

Sure liberty he would not have
 Who glories in his chains:
 But this I wish, the gods would move
 That noble soul of thine
 To pity, since thou cannot love,
 For old-long-syne.



T I D I N G S frae the S E S S I O N.

(By Mr. Dunbar.)

I.

A Muirlands man of uplands mak,
 At hame thus to his nychbour spak,
 What tydings, gossip, peice or weir?
 The tother rounded in his eir,
 I tell you under confession,
 But laity lichtin aff my meir,
 I come of *Edinburgh* frae the Session.

II.

Quhat tydings hard ze thair I pray zou?
 The tother answert, I fall say zou,
 Keip this all secreteit, gentil brothir,
 Is nae man thair that trusts ane uther:
 A common doer of transgression,

Of innocents preveins a futher:
Sic tydings hard I at the Session.

III.

Sum with his maik, rowns him to pleis,
That envyous byt aff his neis;
His foe him by the oxter leids;
Sum patters with his mouth on beids,
That has his mynd all on oppreſſion:
Sum becks full law, and ſchaws bair heids,
Wald luke full heich wart not the Session.

IV.

Sum by dand law lays land in wed;
Sum superexpendit gaes to bed;
Sum ſpeids, cauſe he in court has meins;
Sum of partiality complains,
How feid and fleims diſcretion:
Sum ſpeiks full fair, and falſely feins;
Sic things I hard and ſaw at Session.

V.

Sum ſummonds caſts, and ſome excepts,
Sum ſtand beſyd and ſkaild law kepps;
Sum is delay'd, ſum wins, ſum tynes;
Sum maks him merry at the wyne;
Sum is put out of his poſſeſſion;

Sum

Sum herriet, and on credance dynes :
Sic tydings hard I at the Session.

VI.

Sum sweirs, and gies clien up with GOD ;
Sum in a lamb-skin is a tod ;
Sum in his tung his kyndness turfes ;
Sum cuts at throats, and sum pykes purses ;
Sum gaes to gallows with procession ;
Sum sains the seit, and sum them curses ;
Sic tydings hard I at the Session.

VII.

Religious men of divers places,
Cum thair to wou, and see fair faces,
Baith *Carmelites* and *Cordiliers*,
To gemer cum, and get mae friers,
Unmindful of thair chest profession,
The zunger at the elder leirs ;
Sic tydings hard at the Session.

VIII.

Thair cumis zung monks of hie complexion,
Of mynd devote, luvè and affection ;
And in the Court thair het flesh dant,
Full father-lyke, with pech and pant :
They are sae humble of intercession,
Thair errand all kynd women grant :
Sic tydings hard I at the Session.

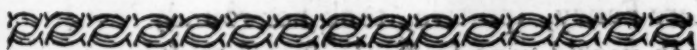
IX.

IX.

Sum honest lords adorn the bench;
 Sum mynds nocht but his Wine and wench;
 Sum has law learning of his awin;
 Sum wants and lippens to his man,
 In ilka cause to get a lesson;
 Sum cankirt girns, be party thrawin,
 And fleims fair justice frae the Session.

X.

The Advocates I may nocht wyte,
 Nor yet the lads that lybalds wryte;
 For it's thair craft, and they maun fen,
 This has no spevie in his pen,
 Nor that a palfie in expression;
 But weil I wate ane of ilk ten,
 Micht very weil gane all the Session.



CHARITY AND FAME.

A FABLE.

LED on by Hope, in quest of Fame,
 Meek Charity (a virgin) came.
 The roseate beauties of her face
 Bespoke an inward bent to grace;
 Unpractis'd in each subtle art,
 With gen'rous mind, and candid heart,

Her

56 ORIGINAL POEMS,

Her anxious breast was sure t' attend
The seeming supplicating friend.
Where Discontent usurping reign'd,
Twas she the wonted peace regain'd;
The ulcer'd fore, the gangren'd wound,
From Charity allievement found:
'Twas her's to pity, heal distress,
Her's equal will, and power to bless.

With azure spread, the sky was fair,
Serene the scarcely quiv'ring air,
A dappl'd grey—a vivid green,
In nature's vary'd landscape seen;
Lur'd by the beauty of the day,
She careless winds her devious way;
Each straggling thought, in pensive mood,
Reflecting still on doing good;
O'er hill, thro' dale, she yet proceeds,
And studies Nature as she reads.

A winding vale attracts her view,
A scene to contemplation new.
Here Fancy, sportive, took her round,
Each vary'd gaze fresh pleasure found,
When Virtue from it's bias it rays,
Vice straight the heedless hint obeys;
A pilgrim blythe, with passion fraught,
At distance saw—by nature taught:
The wanton summons scarce he needs,
Guilty, he wavers, yet proceeds;
The vale he reach'd, a clashing gaze
But more inflames his inward blaze.
On near approach from whence he came?
Demands the curious simple dame,

With

With modest look, the wretch reply'd,
 All fix'd abode to fame's deny'd;
 To tell you whence I latest came,
 You need but know your servant fame.
 An orient blush inflam'd her cheek;
 Much she desired—she could not speak.
 The pilgrim saw, her case he knew,
 And to his heedless victim flew;
 With fervent zeal the dame he prest,
 And—modesty conceals the rest.
 The deed was done—the trespass o'er,
 Time, as is wont, did *all* explore:
 Suffice to say, this titillation
 Gave birth to pompous *Ostentation*.

The moral, Sir—it is so plain,
 I should but moralize in vain.



ON JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

IN love with a pedantic jargon,
 Our poets now-a-days are far gone;
 So that a man can't read their songs,
 Unless he has the gift of tongues;
 Or else to make him understand,
 Keeps Johnson's Lexicon at hand.

Be warn'd, young poet, and take heed,
 That Johnson you with caution read:
 Always attentively distinguish
 The Greek and Latin words from English;
 And never use such, as 'tis wise
 Not to attempt to nat'ralize.—
 Suffice the following specimen,
 To make the Admonition plain.

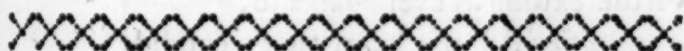
Little of *anthropopathy* has he,
 Who in yon fulgid *curricule* reclines
 Alone; while I, *depauperated* bard!
 The streets *pedestrious* scour; why, with bland
 voice,
 Bids he me not his *vegetitation* share?

Alas! he fears my *lacerated* coat,
 And visage pale with *frigerific* want,
 Wou'd bring *dedecoration* on his chaise.
 Me miserable! that th' Aonian hill
 Is not *auriferous*, nor fit to bear
 The *farinaceous* food, support of bards
Carnivorous but seldom; yet the soil
 Which Hippocrene *humectates*, nothing yields—
 But sterile laurels and aquaticks sour.

To *dulcify* th' *absinthiated* cup
 Of life, receiv'd from thy *novercal* hand,
 Shall I have nothing, muse? To lenify
 Thy heart *indurate*, shall poetic woe
 And plaintive *ejulation* nought avail?

Riches

Riches *desiderate* I never did,
 Ev'n when in mood most *optative* ; a farm,
 Small, but *aprique*, was all I ever wish'd.
 I, when a rustic, wou'd my *blatant* calves
 Well pleas'd *ablactate*, and delighted tend
 My *gemilliparous* sheep ; nor scorn to rear
 The *superb* turkey and the *fripant* goose ;
 Then to *dendrology* my thoughts I'd turn,
 A fav'rite care should *horticulture* be,
 But most of all would *geoponicks* please.
 While *ambulation* thoughtless I protract,
 The tir'd sun *appropinquates* to the sea.
 Now my *arid* throat, and *latrant* guts
Vociferate for supper ; but what house
 To get it in gives *dubitation* sad.
 O! for a *turgid* bottle of Bell's beer,
 Mature for *imbibition* ! and O! for
 (Dear object of *hiation*) mutton pies !



O D E to J A N U S,

On NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

JANUS! thou deity of scoundrels,
 Lend me thy aid—I fear I'll blunder else ;
 Yet can I think the knavish God,
 To his own praise will deign the nod ?

In fact or fable, prose or verse,
 The man who kicks a rascal's a—,
 Is he, of all degrees and ranks,
 Who first receives a rascal's thanks.
 —Yet two-fac'd Janus, hear, I pray,
 Thy honours, grace my awkward lay.
 —And to begin—thy *pair of visages*
 Point out to us some human usages.
 —The caitiff, vers'd in villain's lore,
 Can look behind—and look before :
 Let honest men prevent surprise,
 Taking the hint—to use their eyes.

But next, great Janus !—I conceive,
 That ev'ry subtle, fawning knave
 (Nor do I fear to be impung'd),
 Like to thyself—is double tongu'd :
 With one he talks, in whining cadence,
Of moral character and credence ;
 Virtue extolls as ever man did,
 And blisses still the heart that's candid.
 —All this is for the 'nonce a chalice,
 And but a gourd to shade his malice :
 The other tongue replete with poison,
 He keenly plies to the confusion
 Of candour, innocence, and worth,
 Good-nature, friendship,—and so forth.

But furthermore—I find in rhyme
 Thee Janus call'd the God of Time.
 In rhyme!—in reason this is fit :
 Janus ! thy votaries have wit,

And

And skill, and prudence—all the three,
 To make their deeds and views agree.
 The coolest aims ensure their measures
 In bus'ness, calumny, and pleasures ;
 Thus time improv'd, and ends succeeding,
 They blifs great Janus for their breeding.

This one remark, and then I cease ;
 Janus ! thou art the God of Peace.
 The shutting of thy temple-door
 Betok'n'd truce in days of yore :
 And hence thy sons, of *poultry* name,
 Will to the palace of loud Fame,
 Impell'd by fear, at times resort
 (Like bankrupts to the verge of court),
 Where they preclude unwelcome sounds,
 Bolting the doors with bills and bonds.

Patron of genius, wit, and light,
 How long thy rays shall cheer my sight,
 Still may my friendships be sincere
 To those who worth and truth revere :
 And still, oh still may I behold,
 From the Pierian fountain roll'd,
Affliction's waters unto those
 Who are of mirth and sense the foes ;
 Whether such varlets vent their spleen
 By word, or deed, or Magazine.
 —Grant too, that thro' this circling year,
 The sons of Janus may appear
 (And in reality may be)
 As much inferior to me,

In every exercise and art
Which proves the man, or mends the heart,
As I, in each Parnassian gift,
Am to M'L——n, or to Swift.



T H E
P R I N T E R:
A P O E M.

WHAT muse can justly sing the *Printer's*
praise!

Whose art the treasures of the mind displays!
Poets and sages fam'd in days of old,
By the Librarian painfully inroll'd,
Were erst a sight unknown to vulgar eyes,
So vast the purchase of the precious prize:
A volume that a folio's bulk could rate
Oft sunk the rev'nue of a small estate.
A Bible did so large a sum require,
It ask'd the joint subscription of a shire:
Hence barbarism o'er the world prevail'd,
Hence ignorance from age to age intail'd:
'Till in Germania's climes, a wond'rous man
The rudiments of Printing first began:
Others from him th' improving genius caught
And to perfection thus the Science brought:

This

This soon the mists of error chac'd away,
 And truth, all lovely, shone with heav'nly ray.
 Now men of studious minds, with ceaseless
 toil,
 For new discoveries waste their midnight oil:
 Their finish'd works the *Printer's* cares demand;
 They range the letters with a nimble hand,
 Then prompt revise, and to the press consign;
 By thousands multiply'd the pages shine!
 For easy premiums now the curious chuse.
 The sage philosopher, or heav'nly muse
 The *Stagyrite* in ev'ry clime is known,
 And *Homer* now is born in ev'ry town;
 In ev'ry clime the muses spread their wings,
 And the sweet *Mantuan swain* in Britain sings.

For me, whom Fortune niggardly regards,
 (She's seldom ever lavish to the bards);
 I hail the *Printer's* art, whose large supplies
 Almost in ev'ry street regale my eyes.
 In studious hours my sober steps I bend
 To *Scheffer* *, where thy ample squares extend,
 There *gratis* I revolve the classic page,
 And *Heliconian* draughts my thirst assuage:
 There num'rous tomes, correct from *Pantin's* †
 press,
 Or *Elzivir's* ‡ neat types my searches bless,
 And oft that groat that should for dinner pay,
 Bears thence some rich immortal prize away.

* He is acknowledged as the first Printer.

† ‡ These were two eminent Printers, and are allowed
 to be among the first improvers of the Art,

While

While some for Liberty their clamours raise,
 (This passion still is each true Briton's praise)
 I join the gen'ral voice, yet must confess
 I chiefly prize *the freedom of the press*;
 This brings to light the labours of the muse;
 This fills each mouth with politics nor news;
 Hence daily weekly works, so num'rous seen!
 And hence the treasures in the *Magazine*!

ARCHITYPOGRAPHUS.

Dumfries,

Jan. 11. 1773.



*A SCHEME for reducing the high price of
 Provisions. A CANTATA.*

Wrote in the Year 1773.

To the Tune of Cupid's Recruiting Serjeant,

RECITATIVE.

COME, Liberty's sons, and hear what I
 propose,
 To relieve all your wants, and assuage all your
 woes;
 And if my advice you are willing to take,
 Your hero at once a king you may make.

You may seat him at once on sweet Liberty's
 throne,
 And reap such advantage as never was known.
 His faithful adherents may share in the state,
 And ye all may together be happy and great;
 So I'd have you consider and take my advice
 And let this good job be done in a trice;
 And leave us poor dupes to a dispotic man,
 To make of a bad bargain the best that we
 can.

AIR I.

There is many an Island that stands in the sea,
 Has never been discover'd to this very day:

Let the astronomers,
 Who consult with the stars,
 And assistance so kind the geographers bring,
 To sound ev'ry strand,
 And find out a land,
 Where Bull may be captain, and Wilkes may be
 king.

II.

Let him take his colleagues, and the rif-raf who
 strive
 To bawl Wilkes for ever, and brave forty-five;
 Then free from controul,
 They in riches may roll,

And to liberty's hero their off'rings may bring;
 And, despising of peace,
 In their tumults increase,
 For Allen may be spokesman and Wilkes may be
 king.

III.
 Confin'd by no laws, they may chastity brave,
 And, like Beckford, a cart-load of bastards may
 have ;

If blest by their fates,
 They may gain large estates,
 And their money away in extravagance fling;
 For they'll never find flaws,
 In their maxims and laws,
 For Glynn shall be chancellor, and Wilkes shall
 be king.

IV.
 A shew of religion I suppose they will make,
 Tho' perhaps 'twill be only for decency's sake;
 And the clergy that's civil,
 May burlesque God and devil,
 And follow their leader like apes in a string;
 For Wilson the joiner,
 Shall put on the mitre,
 And be an archbishop; for Wilkes shall be
 king.

V.

V.

As a city regalia they like to possess,
In furr'd scarlet gowns and gold chains they may
drefs :

In a fine gilded toy,
To please a great boy,

They may ride, while the cleavers and marrow-
bones ring ;

So away let them sail
With a prosperous gale,

Where Bull may be Lord Mayor, for Wilkes shall
be king.

VI.

But when they begin to discover his tricks,
In their 'scutcheon, perhaps it a dagger may
fix ;

Perhaps parson Horne,
In repulse for his scorn,

Their dark machinations to day-light may bring :

A true Brutus may prove,

The false patriot remove,

And popular Wilkes be no longer a king.

VII.

Let them push off their boat, with the mob at
their heels,

And leave us to combat, and bear with our ills ;

But if e'er they come back

And their country forsake ;

68 ORIGINAL POEMS,

(And if no one is found that will do such a thing)
 To scourge their offence,
 A Jack Ketch I'd commence,
 And tie them all up in a strong hempen string.

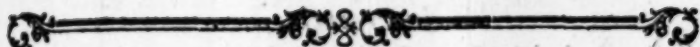
VIII.

But you'll say, how will this our grievance re-
 move,
 And give us the blessings of plenty to prove ?
 Why, when they're all gone,
 And we're left alone,
 A number so small can but little consume ;
 There'll be less for to eat
 Of the bread and the meat,
 And the prices, I'm certain, will soon tumble
 down.

IX.

Our mechanics no longer will talk of distress,
 For they'll mind business better, and politics
 less ;
 Thus plenty once more
 Shall replenish our shore,
 There'll be strong-beer enough, which will be
 the thing ;
 Then our taxes we'll pay,
 And with chearful huzza,
 Cry, long live George the Third our defender
 and king.

CALLER



CALLER WATER.

(By Mr. Fergusson.)

WHAN father *Adie* first pat spade in
 The bonny yard of antient Eden,
 His amry had nae liquor laid in
 To fire his mou',
 Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin'
 For being fou.

A caller burn o' filler sheen.
 Ran cannily out o'er the green,
 And when our gutcher's drouth had been
 To bide right fair,
 He loutit down, and drank bedeen
 A dainty skair.

His bairns a' before the flood
 Had langer tack o' flesh and blood,
 And on mair pithy shanks they stood
 Than *Noah's* line,
 Wha still hac been a feckless brood
 Wi' drinking wine.

The fuddlin' Bardies now-a-days
 Rin *maukin-mad* in *Bacchus'* praise,

And

And limp and stoiter thro' their lays

Anacreontic,

While each his sea of wine displays

As big's the Pontic.

My muse will no gang frae hame,

Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;

In troth, the jillet ye might blame

For thinking on't,

Whan eithly she can find the theme

Of *aqua font*.

This is the name that doctors use

Their patients noddles to confuse;

Wi' *simples* clad in terms abstruse,

They labour still,

In kittle words to gar you roose

Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sic clitter clatter

And briefly to expound the matter,

It shall be ca'd good *Caller Water*,

Than whilk I trow,

Few drugs in doctors shops are better

For me or you.

Tho' joints are stiff as ony *rung*,

Your pith wi' pain be fairly dung

Be you in *Caller Water* flung

Out o'er the lugs,

'Twill mak you souple, swack and young,

Withouten drugs.

Tho'

Tho' cholic or the heart-scad tease us,
Or only inward pain should seize us,
It masters a' sic fell diseases

That would ye spulzie,
And brings them to a canny crisis
Wi' little tulzie,

Wer't na for it the bonny lasses
Would glowr nae mair in keeking glasses,
And soon fine dint o' a' the graces

That aft convey
In gleefu' looks and bonny faces,
To catch our ein,

The fairest then might die a maid,
And Cupid quit his shooting trade,
For wha thro' clarty *masquerade*

Could than discover,
Whether the features under shade
Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains bring simmer show'rs,
A leaves to clead the *birkin bower's*,
Sae beauty gets by caller show'rs,
Sae rich a bloom,
As for estate, or heavy dow'rs
Aft stands in room.

What makes Auld Reikie's dames fae fair,
It canna be thè halefom air,

But

172 ORIGINAL POEMS,

But caller, burn beyond compare,
The best of ony
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
And blink fae bonny.

On *May-day* in a fairy ring,
We've seen them round St. Anthon's spring
Frae grafs the caller *dew drops* wring
To weet their ein,
And water clear as crystal spring,
To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way
To look fae feat, fae clean, fae gay!
Than shall their beauties glance like *May*,
And, like her, be
The goddess of the vocal Spray,
The Muse, for me.

HORACE

✻✻✻

O

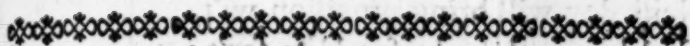
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H O R A C E, B O O K I.

O D E IX. *imitated in modern S C O T S.*

*Vides, ut altâ flet nive candidum
Soraete, &c.*

L O O K up, my friend, look up and see,
The hills of North and Bannochie,
What heaps of snaw lie o' them !
Lord help the bodies of the hills,
For neither plows, nor kills, nor mills,
Can gang this day amo' them.

The hills are white, the woods are blew
There's neither drink for horse nor cow
(The wells are smor'd wi' drift),
But when the silly servant lad
Flings aff the snaw wi' shool and spade,
And makes a forry shift.

But what care I ? the fint a hair,
Whether the night be foul or fair,
I'm sure there's nae great pingle,
To quaff the bowl, to smoke, to crack,
An' gar baith cauld and care stand back.
Beside a bleezing ingle.

Neist day will bring provision wi't,
 God kens an' we be spar'd to see't ;
 The whistling western gales
 Will melt the snaw and tir the hills,
 And set a-going kills and mills,
 And plows to yeer the vales,

While you're posselt of youth and vigour,
 At kirk and market cut a figure,
 At bridals, balls, and banquets,
 'Ere Age come creeping like a snail,
 And make you twa-fald, as a flail,
 And nail you to the blankets.

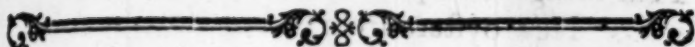
Flyp baith your cheeks, and fur your brow,
 Twin you of teeth and mark o' mou',
 And sharp your whitlie nose,
 And with your fabric act a farce
 Will gar your breeks hing o'er your a—e,
 And legs haf fill your hose.

Be brisk—'tis neither sin nor shame
 To squeeze a bonny lassie's w——e.
 To seize her ring or neck-lace.
 Tho' she cry hout—you're d—'d uncivil !
 Ne'er mind it—for the horned d——l
 She hates nae war than *blate-face*.

Aberdeen,
January 22, 1773.

VANLU.

CALLER



CALLER OYSTERS.

*Happy the man who, free from care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse, retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale.*

PHILLIPS.

(By Mr. Fergusson.)

OF a' the waters that can hobble
A fishin yole or samond cobble,
And can reward the *fishers* trouble,
Or south or north,
There's nane sae spacious and sae noble
As *Firth of Forth*.

In her the *skate* and *codlin* sail,
The *eil fou* souple wags her tail,
Wi' *herrin*, *flouk*, and *mackarel*,
And *whitens* dainty;
Their *spindle shanks* the *labsters* trail,
Wi' *partans* plenty.

Auld Reikie's sons blyth faces wear;
September's merry month is near,

That brings in *Neptune's* caller cheer,
 New oysters fresh;
 The halefomeft and niceft gear
 Of fifh or flefh :

O than we needna gi'e a plack
 For dand'ring *mountebank* or *quack*,
 Wha o' their *drops* fae bauldly crack,
 And fpread fic notions,
 As gar their fecklefs patients tak
 Their *flinkin* *potions*.

Come prie, frail man ! for gin thou *art* *sick*,
 The oyster is a rare cathartic
 As ever *doctor* patient gart lick
 To cure his ails ;
 Whether you hae the head or heart-ake,
 It ay prevails.

Ye *tiplers*, open a' your *pofer*,
 Ye wha are faufh'd wi' plouky nofes,
 Fling owr your *craig* fufficient dofes,
 You'll thole a hunder,
 To fleg awa your *fimmer* *rofes*,
 And naithing under.

Whan big as *burns* the gutters rin,
 Gin ye hae catcht a droukit fkin,
 To *Luckie Meddlemiff's* loup in,
 And fit fu snug
 Owr oysters and a dram o' gin,
 Or haddock lug.

When

When auld Sauffit Giles, at aught o'clock,
 Gars merchant louns their chopies lock,
 There we adjourn wi' hearty fock
 To birle our boddles,
 And get wharewi' to crack our joke,
 And clear our noddles.

When *Phæbus* did his windocks steek,
 How often at that *ingle* cheek
 Did I my frosty fingers beek,
 And taste good fare;
 I trow there was nae hame to seek
 Whan steghin there.

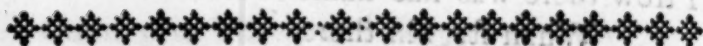
While glakit fools, o'wr rife o' cash,
 Pamper their weyms wi' fousom trash,
 I think a chiel may gayly pass,
 He's no ill boden
 That gufts his gabb wi' oyster fauce,
 And *ben* weel soden.

At *Musselbrough*, and eke *Newhaven*,
 The fisher wives will get *top* livin',
 Whan *lads* gang out on Sunday's even
 To treat their *joes*,
 And tak of fat pandors a prieven,
 Or *mussel brose*:

Then sometimes ere they flit their *doup*,
 They'll ablins a' their *silver coup*

For liquor clear frae cutty stoup,
 To weet their wizen,
 And swallow ower a dainty soup,
 For fear they gizzzen.

A' ye wha canna stand fae ficker,
 Whan twice you've toom'd the big-ars'd bicker,
 Mix *caller oysters* wi' your liquor,
 And I'm your debtor,
 If greedy *priest* or drouthy *vicar*
 Will thole it better.



T H E
 R I S I N G of the S E S S I O N.

(By the same.)

TO a' men living be it kend,
 The SESSION now is at an end:
 Writers, your finger-nebbs unbend,
 And quatt the pen,
 'Till *Time* we lyart pow shall send
 Blythe June again.

Tir'd o' the law, and a' its phrases,
 The wylie *writers*, rich as *Cræsus*,
 Hurl frae the town in hackney chaises,
 For country cheer:
 The *powny* that in spring-time gazes,
 Thrives a' the year.

Ye lawyers, bid fareweel to lies,
 Fareweel to din, fareweel to fees,
 The canny hours o' rest may please

Instead o' filler:

Hain'd *multer* hads the *mill* at ease,
 And finds the *miller*.

Blyth they may be wha wanton play
 In *fortune's* bonny blinkin ray,
 Fu' weel can they ding dool away

Wi' comrades couthy,

And never dree a hungert day,
 Or e'ning drouthy.

Ohon the day for him that's laid,
 In dowie *poortith's* caldrife shade,
 Ablins owr honest for his trade,

He racks his wits,

How he may get his buick weel clad,
 And fill his guts.

The farmers sons, as yap as sparrows,
 Are glad, I trow, to flee the barras,
 And whistle to the plough and harrows

At barley feed:

What writer wadna gang as far as
 He cou'd for bread.

After their yokin, I wat weel
 They'll stoo the kebbuck to the heel;

Eith can the plough-stilts gar a chiel
 Be unco yogie,
 Clean to lick aff his crowdy-meal,
 And scart his *cogie*.

Now mony a fallow is dung a-drift
 To a' the blasts beneath the lift,
 And tho' their stamack's aft in tift
 In vacance time,
 Yet seenil do they ken the rift
 O' stappit weym.

Now gin a *Notar* shou'd be wanted,
 You'll find the *pillars* gayly planted;
 For little thing *protests* are granted
 Upo' a bill,
 And weightiest matters covenanted
 For haf a gill.

Nae body takes a morning dribb
 O' *Holland* gin frae *Robin Gibb*;
 And tho' a dram to Rob's mair sib
 Than is his wife,
 He maun take time to daut his *Rib*
 Till filler's rife.

This *vacance* is a heavy doom
 On *Indian Peter's* coffee-room,
 For a' his china pigs are toom;
 Nor do we see
 In wine the sucker biskets soom
 As light's a flee.

But

But stop, my Muse, nor make a main,
Pate disna fend in that alane;
 He can fell twa dogs wi' ae bane,
 While ither fock
 Maun rest themselves content wi' ane,
 Nor farer trock.

Ye change-house-keepers never grumble,
 Tho' you a while your bickers whumble,
 Be unco patientfu' and humble,
 Nor make a din,
 Tho' gude *joot* binna kend to rumble
 your weym within.

You needna grudge to draw your breath
 For little mair than haf a reath,
 Than, gin we a' be spar'd frae death,
 We'll gladly prie
 Fresh noggans o' your reaming graith
 Wi' blythsome glee.

Auld Reikie,
March 15, 1773.

O D E T O T H E B E E.

(By the same.)

HERDS, blythsome tune your canty reeds,
 And welcome to the gowony meads
 The pride o' a' the insect thrang,
 A stranger to the green fae lang,
 Unfald ilk bus and ilka brier,
 The bounties o' the gleesome year,
 To him whase voice delights the spring,
 Whase foughs the fastest slumbers bring.

The trees in simmer-claething drest,
 The hillocks in their greenest vest,
 The brawest flow'rs rejoic'd we see,
 Disclose their sweets, and ca' on thee,
 Blythly to skim on wanton wing
 Thro' a' the fairy haunts of spring.

Whan fields ha'e got their dewy gilt,
 And dawnin breaks upo' the list,
 Then gang ye're wa's thro' *hight* and *how*,
 Seek caller *haugh* or funny *know*,
 Or ivy'd *craig* or *burnbank* *brae*,
 Where industry shall bid ye gae,

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For hiney or for waxen store,
To ding sad poortith frae your door

Cou'd fecklefs creature, man, be wife,
The simmer o' his life to prize,
In winter he might fend fu' bald,
His eild unkend to nippin cald,
Yet thir, alas ! are antrin fock
That lade their scape wi' winter stock.
Auld age maist feckly glowrs right dour
Upo' the ailings of the poor,
Wha hope for nae comfortin, save
That dowie dismal house, the grave.
Then feeble man, be wise, take tent
How industry can fetch content :
Behad the bees whare'ere they wing,
Or thro' the bonny bow'rs of spring,
Whare vi'lets or whare roses blaw,
And filler dew-draps nightly fa',
Or whan on open bent they're seen,
On *hether-bell* or *thriftle* green ;
The hiney's still as sweet that flows
Frae *thriftle* cald or *kendling* rose.

Frae this the human race may learn
Reflection's hiney'd draps to earn,
Whither they tramp life's thorny way,
Or thro' the funny vineyard stray.

Instructive bee ! attend me still,
O'er a' my labours sey your skill ;

For thee shall hiney-suckles rise,
 With lading to your busy thighs,
 And ilka shrub surround my cell,
 Whareon ye like to hum and dwell:
 My trees in bourachs o'er my ground
 Shall send ye frae ilk blast o' wind;
 Nor e'er shall herd, wi' ruthless spike,
 Delve out the treasures frae your bike,
 But in my fence be safe, and free
 To live, and work, and sing like me.

Like thee, by fancy wing'd, the Muse
 Scuds ear' and hartsome o'er the dews,
 Fu' vogie, and fu' blyth to crap
 The winsome flow'rs frae Nature's lap,
 Twining her living garlands there,
 That lyart time can ne'er impair.

Broomhouse, East-Lothian,

April 26, 1773.





DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

(A Town Eclogue, by C—s J—r, M. A.)

IN those fair meads, beside that favour'd
stream,

Where Pope indulg'd the fond poetic dream,
And woo'd, with happy fruit, the Sylvan maids,
To leave their hill, and sport in Twickenham
shades,

Disgusted with the city's tinsel joys,
Its night of tumult, and its day of noise,
The penfive Altamont, with lonely step,
Pursu'd the winding margin of the deep;
Whilst deep embow'r'd within the spreading
groves,

His humble seat, fond scene of former loves,
With peaceful gloom attracts his wistful eyes.
And bids fond thoughts of past endearment rise.
In vain he strove to wean his widow'd heart
From wonted bliss, by ev'ry specious art;
In vain he mingled with the thoughtless train,
That haunt the seats where Folly holds her
reign.

He tried their proffer'd joys with ill success,
And, following Pleasure, fled from Happiness.

For

For calmer blifs he seeks fequefter'd scenes,
Where, in due umbrage, wave the varied greens,
Where dappled margins Thames smooth waters
lave,

And drooping willows kifs the circling wave.
There, as beneath the trembling aspin's shade,
He view'd the rifing hill, the verdant glade,
Domestic joys alone poffefs'd his mind,
Without one wifh for thofe he left behind:
With gay contempt the Town's wild scenes he
view'd,

And feasted on the joys of folitude;
The Mufe, the fole companion of his way,
And thus he pour'd his elegiac lay.

'Tis not for you whole golden-winged hours
In joys half-tafted ever are employ'd,
Who feek gay pleafure in her fweeteft bow'rs,
And, ftill unfated, leave her half enjoyed.

'Tis not for you who dread the pain of thought,
Who laugh through life, fo negligently gay,
Whole blifs, however mean, is dearly bought,
'Tis not for you I tune the fimple lay.

The Mufe's joys, more pure, tho' more confin'd,
Thofe profpects heighten which you ftrove to mifs,
She feeks at home for pleafures more refin'd,
That home ye hate, comprises all her blifs.

She

She seeks not vainly thro' the lengthen'd
night,
'Midst the gay haunts of indolence and pride,
Resplendent scenes, that pall whilst they invite,
With wand'ring dissipation for her guide.

She will not follow ev'ry transient glance
Of vagrant fancy, ever on the wing;
She cannot mingle in her frolic dance,
Nor list to hear the trifling syren sing.

She sees thro' all the labour'd pomp of art,
The mask of pleasure hide the face of woe;
She spurns such joys as spring not from the
heart,
And pines for bliss they have not to bestow.

Penfive she turns the eye from Folly's train,
And sighs to see the heedless Mortals stray
To seek for happiness, and seek in vain,
Where, if she deign to call, she cannot stay.

The friendly Muse to you, ye thinking few,
Shall lend her aid to sweeten ev'ry hour;
Shall open richer prospects to your view,
And guide you homeward to her social bow'r.

Oh home! thou only seat of ev'ry joy
The heart can relish, or the judgement taste,
Estrang'd from thee the soul finds no employ,
Nor feels the present nor enjoys the past.

O let

O let me seek thee with thy calm delights,
 Thy look of welcome, and thy friendly kifs,
 Thy chearful mornings, and thy peaceful nights,
 With all a husband's, all a parent's blifs.

How sweet to pour my sorrows to a heart
 That feels, yet strives to check, the rising sigh!
 How sweet my brighter prospects to impart,
 And kifs the tear of transport from her eye!

How sweet the task, to trace with glad surprise
 The young ideas shooting unconfin'd,
 With fost'ring hand to cherish as they rise,
 The seeds of virtue in the infant mind!

To bend the pliant soul to wisdom's lore,
 Firm honour's steady precepts to infuse,
 The fav'rite bent of genius to explore,
 And guide luxuriant Fancy to its use.

The fullen apathy and cloister'd pride,
 That deem these heart-felt joys beneath their
 care,
 The candid Muse will pity, not deride,
 And wish their vot'ries blifs they will not share.

Let me with rapture view those pleasing cares,
 Which fright the boasting Sons of Liberty;
 The heart that no domestic fondness shares,
 Forgoes its dearest blessings to be free.

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Is freedom then but leave to wander wide,
And hardly snatch at pleasures e'er they're past,
To seek for ever for some path untry'd,
And find it cold and cheerless at the last?

The solitary bark, of winds the sport,
That through the vast Atlantic winds her way,
Without a haven or a destin'd port,
Feels this sad Liberty as well as they.

Is bondage then to wear those filken bands,
Uniting hearts that cannot wish to rove,
To grant that care the infant smile demands,
And pays with sweet returns of filial love?

Those ring-doves then on yonder waving
tree,
Whose loving murmurs eccho thro' the wood,
May mourn their mutual loss of liberty,
And pine in bondage whilst they tend their
brood.

How painful for a sympathizing mind
To stray thro' life unseeking and unsought,
One cheerless barren wilderness to find,
Without an object worth a second thought!

Wilt thou, Amanda, come, and deign to
fill

This painful void that sickens o'er my soul,

Vol. III.

M

Wilt

Wilt thou accept a heart estrang'd from ill,
And fix that love it knows not to controul?

Wilt thou (for well thy heart knows how)
supply
The tender cares of Mother and of Wife,
And tutor'd by divine philanthropy,
Fill the sweet duties of domestic life?

Oft shalt thou turn to lend a patient ear,
When suff'ring merit makes its sorrows known;
Oft shall thy hand wipe off the orphan's tear,
And, lending others blifs, secure thy own.

So shall Contentment blefs our humble seat,
And ev'ry gliding year new comforts raise;
So shall calm conscience make our slumbers
sweet,
Whilst, tho' obscure, not useless pass our days.

Ah! hapless they of these mild joys de-
barr'd,
For them time ling'ring flies with heavy wings,
To sad experience speaks, and trust the Bard,
Whose heart but feels too strongly what he
sings.

KATHARINE



KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early.
 While May's sweet scent did chear my brain,
 From flowers which grow so rarely,
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid :
 She shin'd tho' it was fogie ;
 I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

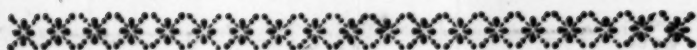
I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In this dear maid so neatly :
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 Like lilies in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Excels a clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain !
To feed my flock beside thee,
At boughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations :
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations ;
Might I carefs and still possess
This lass, of whom I'm vogie ;
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature,
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and fogie :
Pity my case, ye pow'rs above,
I die for Kath'rine Ogie.



Blathrie o't.

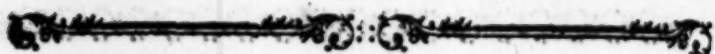
WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
 And the little wee share I have o't my-
 self,
 And how the las that wants it, is by the lads
 forgot,
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie
 o't.

Jockie was the ladie that held the plough,
 But now he's got gowd and gear enough ;
 But thinks nae mare o' me that weirs the plaiden
 coat ;
 May the shame, &c.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
 But now she is clad in her silken attire,
 And Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's me
 forgot ;
 May the shame, &c.

But all this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free :
 For the lad that's sae inconstant, he is not worth
 a groat ;
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't ;

THE



T H E

B I R K S O F I N V E R M A Y .

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay,
 Let us, *Amanda*, timely wise,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies;
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

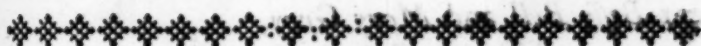
For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermy.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams;

The

The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice :
Let us, like them, then sing and play,
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call ;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams ;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance :
Let us as jovial be as they,
Among the birks of Invermay.



Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny lassies,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
And theek'd it o'er with rushes.
Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Bessy*'s hair's like a lint-tap ;
She smiles like a May morning,
When *Phæbus* starts frae *Thetis*' lap,
The hills with rays adorning :

White

White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips, O vow! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay fae clean, redd up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances;
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
 O *Jove*, she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco fair opprefs us;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lassies:
 Woe's me, for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stinted;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
 And be with ane contented.



PEATY'S



P E A T Y ' s M I L L .

THE las of *Peaty's* mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it wou'd give youth,
To pres 'em with his hand.
Thro' all my spirits ran
An ecstasy of blifs,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

106 ORIGINAL POEMS,

O had I all that wealth
Hopeton's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of *Peaty's* Mill,
 Should share the same with me.



Fee him, Father, fee him.

SAW ye *Johnie* cummin, quo' she;
 Saw ye *Johnie* cummin,
 O saw ye *Johnie* cummin, quo' she;
 Saw ye *Johnie* commin,
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his doggie runnin, quo' she;
 And his doggie runnin?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a' well-doin;
 And a' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
 Wi' me, when I see him.

What

What will I do wi' him, huffy,
 What will I do wi' him :
 He's ne'er a fark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gi'e him.
 I ha'e twa farkes into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gi'e him ;
 And for a mark of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she ;
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For well do I lo'e him, quo' she ;
 Well do I lo'e him,
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she ;
 Fee him, father, fee him ;
 He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she ;
 Lie wi' me at e'en.



Low down in the Broom.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
 He'll nae twin wi' his gear ;
 My minny she's a scalding wife,
 Hads a' the house asteer ;
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me ;

For he's low down, he's in the broom

That's waiting on me;

Waiting on me, my love,

He's waiting on me,

For he's low down, he's in the broom

That's waiting on me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,

And fair she lightlies me;

But weel ken I 'tis a' envy:

For ne'er a jo has she,

But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was fair beguil'd

Wi' Janie in the glen;

And aye since-syne, she cries, Beware

Of false deluding men.

But let her say, &c.

Glee'd Sandy he came waft ae night,

And speer'd when I saw Pate,

And aye since-syne the neighbours round

They jeer me air and late.

But let them say, or let them do,

It's a' ane to me;

For I'll gae to the bonny lad

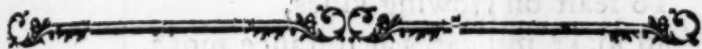
That's waiting on me;

Waiting on me, my love,

He's waiting on me;

For he's low down, he's in the broom,

That's waiting on me.



T H E

Last Time I came o'er the Moor.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,

I left my love behind me ;

Ye Pow'rs ! what pain do I endure,

When soft ideas mind me !

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd

The beaming day ensuing,

I met betimes my lovely maid,

In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,

Gazing and chasteely sporting ;

We kiss'd and promis'd time away,

Till night spread her black curtain.

I pitied all beneath the skies,

Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;

In raptures I beheld her eyes,

Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where canons roar,

Where mortal steel may wound me,

Or cast upon some foreign shore,

Where dangers may surround me ;

Yet

110 ORIGINAL POEMS,

Yet hope again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall center:
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the *Alps* shall cover,
On *Greenland* ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then *Hymen's* sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

Ah!



Ah! CHLORIS.

To the Tune of *Gilder Roy*.

AH! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but fit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in charmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine,
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensible
To their perfection press'd;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each

Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art ;—
 To make a beauty, she.



HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

OH ! what had I ado for to marry ;
 My wife she drinks nothing but sack and
 canary :

I to her friends complained right early :
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank *Crummie*, and syne she drank
Garie ;

Now she has drunken my bonny grey marie,
 That carried me thro' the dub and the lairie :
O gain my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much
 care,
 She drinks my claiths I canna well spare ;
 To the kirk and market I gang fu' barely :
O gin my wife, &c.

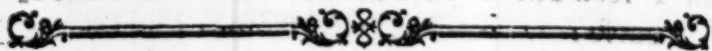
If there's ony filler, she maun keep the purse;
An I seek but a baubee she'll scold and she'll
curse:

She gangs like a queen, I scrimped and sparely:
O gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife;
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life;
E'er it come to a war I'm ay for a parley:
O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;
But when she sits down she fills herself fow;
And when she is fow she's unco camsterie;
O gain my wife, &c.

And when she comes hame she laes on the
lads;
She caes the lasses baith limmers and jades;
And I, my ain fell, an auld canker'd carlie;
*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*



She rose, and let me in.

THE night her silent fable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more,
 Than those in *Nelly's* eyes:
 When to her father's door I came,
 Where I had often been,
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
 To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love.
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll:
 But virtue only had the power
 To charm my very soul.

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part!
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.

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My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 Till *Hymen* to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my *Nelly's* love,
 Transporting is my joy;
 No greater blessing can I prove;
 So blest'd a man am I.
 For beauty may a while retain,
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
 But Virtue only is the chain
 Holds never to depart.



An thou were my ain Thing.

AN thou wert my ain thing,
 I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee;
 An thou wert my ain thing,
 How dearly wou'd I love thee!

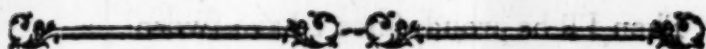
O I wou'd clasp thee in my arms,
 And I'd secure thee from all harms;
 For above mortal thou hast charms:
 How dearly do I love thee!
 An thou wert, &c.

Of race divine thou needs must be;
 Since nothing earthly equals thee:
 For Heaven's sake then pity me,
 Who only lives to love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

The Gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O for their sake support a Slave,
 Who ever on shall love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake
 What man can name I'll undertake;
 So dearly do I love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till Fate my thread of life have spun;
 Which, breathing out, I'll love thee.
An thou wert, my ain thing
I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee;
An thou wert my ain thing,
How dearly wou'd I love thee!



Take your auld Cloak about ye.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And *Boreas*, with his blasts fae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill;
 Then *Bell* my wife, wha loves nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, good man, save *Cromie's* life,
 And take your auld cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she should tyne;
 Get up, good man, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the lift fae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go take your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thrity year;

Let's

Let's spend the geer that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak ábout me.

In days when our King *Robert* rang,
 His trews they cost but haff a crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the King that wore a crown,
 And thou a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae take thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 Whan ilka wife her man would rule;
 Do ye not see *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
 As they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurkling in the asce?
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Good man, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa
 Of lads and bonny lassies ten:
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en take your auld clock about ye.

Bell

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Bell my wife, she loves na strife;
 But she wad guide me if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman:
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea;
 Then Ill leave off where I began,
 And take my auld cloak about me.

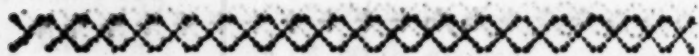


The B O A T - M A N.

YE gales that gently waye the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny *Scot*-man:
 In haly bands we join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate a large estate
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in *Highland* glens
 To herd the kid and goat-man,
 Ere I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny *Scot*-man.
 Wae worth the man wha first began
 The base ungen'rous fashion,
 Frae greedy views Love's art to use,
 While strangers to it's passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Hasten to thy longing lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.
 Love gi'es the word, than haste on board,
 Fair winds and tainty boat-man;
 Waft o'er, waft o'er frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny *Scot*-man.



Nansy's to the Green-Wood gane.

NANSY's to the *Green-Wood* gane,
 To hear the *Gowdspink* chatt'ring,
 And *Willie* he has follow'd her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring;
 But a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorn'd at him;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minny, or my aunty?
 With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail, and ranty-tanty;
 With bonnocks of good barley meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped flocks fou butter'd well;
 And was not that right dainty?

Thus

Altho'

Altho' my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha-house and a pantry :
 A good blue bonnet on his head,
 An owrlay 'bout his cragy,
 And ay until the day he die'd
 He rade on good thanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny *Nancy*?
 Wad ye compare ye'rsell to me,
 A docken till a tanfie?
 I have a woo'r of my ain,
 They ca' him souple *Sandy*,
 And well I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like fugar-candy.

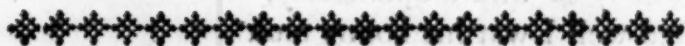
Vow, *Nansy*, what needs a' this din?
 Do I not ken this *Sandy*?
 I'm fure the chief of a' his kin
 Was *Rab* the beggar randy:
 His minny *Meg* upo' her back
 Bore baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nesty pack
 To me your winsome *Willy*?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 VOL. III. P

And

And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then *Nansy* turn'd her round about,
And said, Did *Sandy* hear ye,
Ye wadna mis to get a clout ;
I ken he defna fear ye :
Sae had ye'r tongue, and say nae mair,
Set somewhere else your fancy ;]
For as lang's *Sandy's* to the fore
Ye never shall get *Nansy*.



T W E E D S I D E.

WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose ?
How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed* ?
Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those ;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Not daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure do yield.

The

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet coming dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd choir sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does *Mary* not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Is it on the sweet winding *Tay*,
Or pleasanter banks of the *Tweed*?



TWEED SIDE.

(By a Lady.)

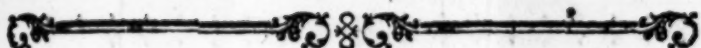
WHEN *Maggy* first pearc'd me wi' love,
 I carry'd my noddle fu' hee',
 Nae goudspink in a the gay glade
 Or mavis so happy as me.

I pip'd, and I danc'd, and I fang;
 I woo'd, but I came nae good speed;
 Therefore into *England* I'll gan
 And lay my banes over the *Tweed*.

To *Maggy* my love I did tell,
 Sa't tears did my passion exprefs;
 Woes me, for I lo'd her o'er well,
 And woman loves nae sic man lefs.



For



For Laik of Gold she left me.

FOR the laik of gold she left me,
 And of all that's dear bereft me;
 She me forsook for a great Duke,
 And to endless care has left me, oh!
 A star and garter has more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
 For empty titles we must part;
 And for glitt'ring show she left me, oh!

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injur'd heart again to love;
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,
 Since *Jeanie* she has let me, oh!
 Ye Pow'rs above I to your care
 Commit my lovely, charming fair;
 Your choicest blessings on her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me, oh!



The



The Bush aboon Traquair.

HE A R me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me :
 Tho' thus I languish and complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;
 The bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,
 Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender :
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain ;
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
 It's sweets I'll ay remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay ;
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my strains,

Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me ?

Oh ! make her partner in my pains ;

Then let her smiles relieve me.

If not, my love will turn despair,

My passion no more tender ;

I'll leave the bush aboon *Traquair* ;

To lonely wilds I'll wander.



C O R N R I G G S .

MY Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,

His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome middle size ;

He's stately in his wa'king :

The shining of his een surprise ;

'Tis heav'n to hear him ta'king.

Last night I met him on a bawlk,

Where yellow corn was growing,

There mony a kindly word he spake,

That set my heart a-glowing.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,

And loo'd me best of ony ;

That gars me like to sing finfyne,

" O corn riggs are bonny."

Let

Let maidens of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chaftefy should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cokernony,
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.



The Broom of the Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth was I each morn to see
 My fwain come o'er the hill!
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
 I met him with good-will.
*O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom;
 The broom of the Cowdenknows;
 I wisb I were with my dear fwain,
 With his pipe and my cwes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 When his flocks round me lay:
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me all the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by ;
The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

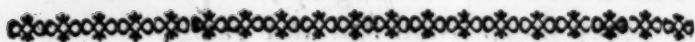
While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play ;
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Cou'd I but faithful be ?
He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse
What'er he asked of me ?
O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.

*O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
Where last was my repose :
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my caws.*





A M Y N T A.

To the Tune of *My Apron Dearie*.

MY sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
 No more for *Amynta* fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition, I said, wou'd soon cure me of love.

*O what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.*

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
 O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true!

*O what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I Amynta? why brake I my vow?
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.*

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
 Poor shepherd! *Amynta* no more can be thine;

III. Thy

Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;
The moments neglected return not again.

*O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O give my sheep, and my sheep-book restore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.*



There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile Thee.

BETTY early gone a-maying,
Met her lover Willie straying;
Drift or chance, no matter whether,
Thus we know he reason'd with her:
Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing;
See how ev'ry bush discovers,
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers.

See the op'ning blushing roses,
All their secret charms discloses;
Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure!
O their fleeting hasty pleasure!
Quickly we must snatch the favour
Of their soft and fragrant flavour;
They bloom to-day, they fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time; my *Bess*, will leave no traces
 Of those beauties, of those graces ;
 Youth and love forbid our staying ;
 Love and youth abhor delaying ;
 Dearest maid, nay, do not fly me ;
 Let your pride no more deny me ;
 Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
 There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.



The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN *April*, when primroses paint the sweet
 plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
 The *yellow-hair'd laddie* would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn
 trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and
 morn :
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
 That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

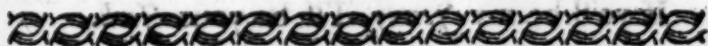
The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young *Mary* be
 fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air,

But

But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the
spring.

That *Madie*, in all the gay bloom of her
youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke
truth;
But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair 'as the goodefs who sprung from the
sea.

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great
dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy and frequently four:
Then sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet *Susie* his mistress might be.



Hey Jenny, come down to Joek.

JOCKY he came here to woo,
On ae feast-day when we were fou;
And *Jenny* pat on her best array,
When she heard that *Jocky* was come that
way.

Jenny

But

Jenny she gaid up the stair,
 Sae privily to change her smock;
 And aye sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Hey, *Jenny*, came down to *Jock*.

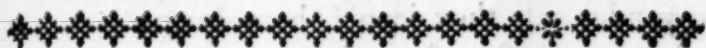
Jenny she came down the stair,
 And she came bakein and bingein ben.
 Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was
 jimp,
 And a braw well-made manti-gown.

Jocky's ta'en her by the hand,
 Says, Bonny lass, will ye fancy me;
 My father is dead, and has left me some land,
 Wi' braw houses, twa or three;

And I will gi' them a' to you.
 A hath, quoth *Jenny*, I fear ye mock.
 Then foul fa' me gin it be na true,
 If ye'll be my *Jenny*, I'll be your *Jock*.

Jenny she's gane up th' gate,
 And a' her coats as white as her smock;
 And ae so loud as her mither did cry,
 Wow, firs, has na *Jenny* got *Jock*?

Down



Down the Burn Davie.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were
 green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee ;
 Blyth *Davie's* blinks her heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on yon burn-side,
 And *Mary* was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride ;
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue ;
 Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,

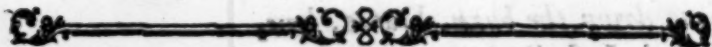
What tender tales they said !
 His cheek to her's he oft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd ;

Till

136 ORIGINAL POEMS,

'Till baith at length impatient grown
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down:
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And naithing sure unmeet:
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet:
And that they aften should return,
Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.



I'll never leave thee.

ONE day I heard *Mary* say,
How shall I leave thee?
Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou should leave me!
I'll live and die for thy sake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,
Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love to grieve thee?

INT

My

My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me ;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day.
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee ;
 Can *Mary* thy anguish soothe ?
 This breast shall receive thee :
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee :
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee,—leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee ?
 O! that thought makes me sad ;
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my *Adonis* fly ?
 Why does he grieve me ?
 Alas! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.





Peggy I must love thee.

AS from a rock, past all relief,
 The shipwrackt *Colin* spying
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying;
 With the next morning sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise;
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted;
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted:
 Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
 I found in *Peggy's* mind and face;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now, since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying;
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying;
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose;
 Why shou'd we happy minutes lose,
 Since *Peggy*, I must love thee?

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Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty
 To fight, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear ;
 False *Betty's* charms now disappear,
 Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.



Woe's my Heart that we should funder.

W I T H broken words, and downcast
 eyes.

Poor *Colin* spoke his passion tender ;
 And, parting from his *Grisy*, cries,
 Ah ! woes my heart that we should funder !
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder :
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go ;
 It breaks my heart that we shou'd funder.

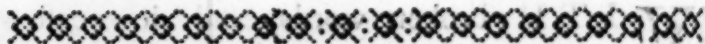
Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range ;
 No beauty new my love shall hinder ;
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder.

R. 2

The

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder;
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we funder.
 Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her:
 When that blest'd time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never funder.



To the Tune of *Mill, Mill—O*.

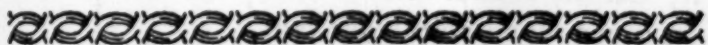
TO *Fanny* fair could I impart,
 The cause of all my woe!—O
 That beauty which has won my heart,
 She scarcely seems to know—O:
 Unskill'd in art of womankind,
 Without design she charms—O;
 How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
 Which every bosom warms—O?

She knows her pow'r is all deceit,
 The conscious blushes show—O,
 Those blushes to the eye more sweet
 Than th' op'ning budding rose—O,

Ye

Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
That charms the sense so much—O,
Upon a thorny briar grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch—O.

At first when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was blest'd—O;
But as I wou'd approach more near,
At once I lost my rest—O:
Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,
Prepare me for my doom—O;
One cruel look from those bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb.—O.



GILL MORICE.

GILL MORRICE was an earl's son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yet his meikle pride:
But it was for a lady gay
That liv'd on *Carron* side.

Where will I get a bonny boy,
That will win hofe and shoon,
That will gae to Lord *Barnard's* ha',
And bid his lady cum?

Ye maun rin this errand *Willie*,
 And ye may rin wi' pride;
 When other boys gae on their feet,
 On horseback ye fall ride.

Oh no! Oh no! my master dear!
 I dare nae for my life;
 I'll nae gae to the bauld baron's
 For to tryft furth his wife.
 My bird *Willie*, my boy *Willie*,
 My dear *Willie*, he said,
 How can you strive against the stream?
 For I fall be obey'd.

But, Oh my master dear! he cry'd,
 In green wood ye're your lain,
 Gi' o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,
 For fear ye shou'd be ta'en.
 Hasten, hasten, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid her come here wi' speed;
 If ye refuse my high command,
 I'll gar your body bleed.

Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' goud but the hem;
 Bid her cum to the good green wood,
 And bring nane but her lain;
 And there it is; a silken sark;
 Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
 And bid her cum to *Gill Morice*;
 Speer nae bauld baron's leave.

Yes,

Yes, I will gae your black errand,
 Tho' it be to thy coft;
 Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ye fall find froft.
 The baron he's a man of might,
 He ne'er could 'bide a taunt,
 As ye will see before it's night;
 How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt.

Now, sin I maun your errand rin,
 Sae fair again my will,
 I's mak a vow, and keep it true,
 It shal be done for ill.
 And when he came to broken brigg,
 He bent his bow and swam;
 And when he came to grafs growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to *Barnard's ha'*,
 Wau'd neither chap nor ca';
 Bot fet his bent bow to his breist,
 And lightly lap the wa'.
 He wad tell nae man his errand,
 Tho' twa stood at the gate;
 Bot straight into the ha' he cam,
 Whair grit folks fat at meat.

Hail! hail! my gentle fire and dame!
 My message winna' wait;
 Dame, ye maun to the green wood gang,
 Before that it be late;

Ye're

Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' goud but the hem;
 You maun gae to the good green wood
 Ev'n by your fell alane.

And there it is, a filken fark;
 Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
 Ye maun come speak to *Gill Morice*;
 Speir nae bauld baron's leave.
 The lady stamped we her foot,
 And winked wi' her eye;
 But a' that she cou'd fay or do,
 Forbidden he wad me be.

It's surely to my bow'r-woman;
 It ne'er cou'd be to me.
 I brought it to Lady *Barnard*,
 I trow that ye be she.
 Then up and spake the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon her knee),
 If it be come frae *Gill Morcie*,
 It's dear welcome to me.

Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,
 Sae loud's I hear you lie;
 I brought it to Lady *Barnard*;
 I trow ye be na she.
 Then up and spake the bauld baron;
 An angry man was he;
 He's ta'n the table wi' his foot,
 In flinders gart a' flee.

Gae bring a robe of yon cliding,
 That hings upon the pin;
 And I'll gae to the good green wood,
 And speak with your leman.
 O bide at hame now lord *Bernard*,
 I warn ye bide at hame;
 Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
 That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.

Gill Morice sits in good green wood,
 He whistl'd and he sang;
 O what means a' these folks coming?
 My mother tarries lang.
 When Lord *Bernard* to green wood came,
 Wi' meikle dole and care;
 There first he faw brave *Gill Morice*
 Keming his yellow hair.

Nae wonder, fure, Oh *Gill Morice*,
 My lady loo'd ye weel,
 The fairest part of my body
 Is blacker than thy heel.
 Yet ne'ertheless, now *Gill Morice*,
 For a' thy great beauty,
 Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born;
 That head fall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And slait it on the strae;
 And thro' *Gill Morice's* fair body
 He's gard cauld iron gae.

150 ORIGINAL POEMS,

And has ta'en *Gill Morice*' head,
 And set it on a speir;
 The meanest man in a' his train
 Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en *Gill Morice* up,
 Laid him acrofs his steid,
 And brought him to his painted bow'r,
 And laid him on a bed.
 The lady sat on castle wa'
 Beheld both dale and down,
 And there she saw *Gill Morice*' head
 Come trailing to the town.

Far mair I loo that bloody head,
 Bot' and that yellow hair,
 Than Lord *Barnard*, and a' his lands,
 As they lie here and there.
 And she has ta'en her *Gill Morice*,
 And kifs'd baith mouth and chin,
 I once was fow of *Gill Morice*,
 As hip was o' the stane.

I got ye in my father's house,
 Wi' meikle fin and shame;
 I brought thee up in good green wood,
 Under the heavy rain.
 Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
 And fondly seen thee sleep;
 But now I'll go about thy grave,
 The sa't tears for to weep.

And

And syne she kifs'd his bloody cheek,

And syne his bloody chin:

Better I loo' my *Gill Morice*

Than a' my kith and kin!

Away, away, ye ill woman!

An ill deed mait ye die;

Gin I had ken'd he'd been your son,

He'd ne'er been slain for me.

Upbraid me not, my Lord *Barnard*,

Upbraid me not, for shame!

Wi' that fame speir, O pierce my heart!

And put me out o' pain.

Since naithing but *Gill Morice*' head

Thy jealous rage could quell;

Let that same hand now take her life

That ne'er to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights

Will e'er be fast or kind;

I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,

And greet till I am blind.

Enough of blood by me's been spilt;

Seek not your death frae me;

I rather it had been mysell

Than either him or thee.

With waefow wae I hear your plaint;

Sair, fair I rew the deed,

That e'er this cursed hand of mine

Did gar his body bleed.

Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
 Ye ne'er can heal the wound;
 You see his head upon my speir,
 His heart's blood on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deed,
 The heart that thought the ill:
 The feet that bore me wi' sic speed
 The comely youth to kill.
 I'll ay lament for *Gill Morice*,
 As gin he were my ain;
 I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
 On which the youth was slain.



Tune, *Gallowshiels.*

AH! the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to
 languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.

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The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak,
 A thousand various wishes.
 For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.



Polwart on the Green.

AT Polwart on the green
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do conven
 To dance about the thorn,
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A Lover and a Lad compleat,
 The Lad and Lover you.

Let

Let dorty Dames fay na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem cauldër than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee:
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Among the new mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day,
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
 To tak a part of mine.



The Banks of Forth.

YE Sylvan Powers that rule the plain,
 Where sweetly winding *Fortha* glides,
 Conduct me to her banks again,
 Since there my charming *Mary* bides.
 These banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
 Where every smiling beauty meets;
 Where *Mary's* charms adorn the plain,
 And chear the heart of every swain.

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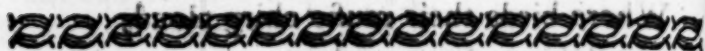
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Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their music chirp aloud,
Alternately we sung our loves,
And *Fortha's* fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
Where *Forth* ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming *Mary* lull'd asleep;
My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
I softly stoop'd and stole a kiss;
She wak'd, she blush'd, and gently blam'd,
Why, *Damon*! are you not asham'd?

Ye Sylvan Powers, ye Rural Gods,
To whom we Swains our cares impart,
Restore me to these blest'd abodes,
And ease, oh! ease my love-sick heart!
These happy days again restore,
When *Mall* and I shall part no more,
When she shall fill these longing arms,
And crown my blest with all her charms.

Tune,



Tune, I with my Love were in a Mire.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth that fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost !

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
Ran quick tho' all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd ;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away !



re.

257

arton's

And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready—O.
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O;
 They are sprightly like my dear *Jonny*—O.
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my Soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his *Annie*—O?

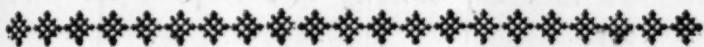


ETRICK BANKS.

ON *Etrick* banks ae Summer's night,
 At gloaming when the Sheep came hame,
 I met my lassie bra' and tight,
 While wand'ring thro' the mist her lane;
 My heart grew light, I ran, and flang
 My arms about her bonny neck;
 I kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,
 My words they were na' mony feck.

I said, my *Lassie*, will you go
 To *Highland* hills, the *Erse* to learn?
 And ye shall ha'e baith cow and yew,
 When you come to the Brigg of *Earn*.
 At *Leith* there's meal comes in, (ne'er fash)
 And herring at the Broomy Law;
 Chear up your heart, my bonny *Lass*,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

O.
O.
All day, when we ha'e toil'd enough,
When winter's frost and snaw begin,
And when the sun gaes west the *Loch*,
At night when you fa' fast to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,
And thus the dreary night we'll end,
Till tender kids and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.



hame,
; Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

B Y a murmuring stream a fair Shepherdess
lay,
Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft heard her
say,

Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this way,

And that love is the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds that tell me of beauty and
charms,

Deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold heart never
warms ;

Yet bring me this *Strephon*, I'll die in his arms ;

Oh *Strephon* ! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go

Down to the shades below,

Ere ye let *Strephon* know

That I have lov'd him so ;

160 ORIGINAL POEMS,

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
That love is the cause of my mourning.
Her eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came
by ;

He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew
nigh ;

But finding her breathless, Oh Heav'n's ! did he
cry,

Ah *Chloris* ! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me, my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs, use your
art,

They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the
dart,

That wounded the tender young Shepherdess'
heart,

And kill'd thee poor *Chloris* with mourning.

Ah then, is *Chloris* dead,

Wounded by me ! he said ;

I'll follow thee, chaste maid,

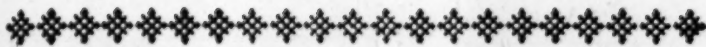
Down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his
head,

Expir'd the poor *Strephon* with mourning.



Here



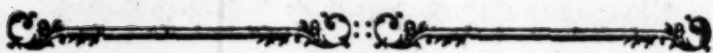
Here awa, there awa.

HERE awa, there awa, here awa *Willie*;
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
 Lang have I fought thee, dear have I bought
 thee,
 Now I have gotten my *Willie* again.

Through the lang muir I have follow'd my
Willie,
 Through the lang muir I have followed him
 hame,
 Whate'er betide us, nought shall deide us;
 Love now rewards all my forrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa *Willie*;
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
 Come Love, believe me, naithing can grieve
 me,
 Ilka thing pleases while *Willie's* at hame,





Sae Merry as we ha'e been.

A Lafs that was laden'd with care
Sat heavily under yon thorn,
I listen'd a while for to hear,

When thus she began for to mourn :
Whene'er my dear Shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And could nipping winter did wear
A face that resembled the Spring.

*Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;
My heart it is like for to break,
When I think on the days we ha'e seen.*

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
He gently pressing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command !
My dear, he wou'd aft to me say,
What makes you hard-hearted to me ;
Oh ! why do you thus turn away,
From him who is dying for thee ?
Sae merry, &c.

But

But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Were merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sighed for him.
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the days we ha'e seen.



Waly, Waly.

O Waly, waly, up yon bank,
 And waly, waly, down yon brae,
 And waly by yon river fide,
 Where I and my love went to gae;
 O waly, waly, love is bonny,
 A little while when it is new ;
 But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,
 And wears awa, like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree !
 But first it bow'd, and fine it brak,
 And sae did my fause love to me.

When

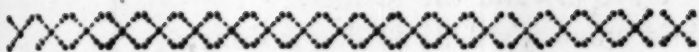
When cockle-shells turn filler bells,
 And mussels grow on ev'ry tree ;
 When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
 Then shall my love prove true to me.

Now *Arthur's Seat* shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me ;
 St. *Anton's* well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love's forsaken me.
 O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,
 And tak a life that wearies me ?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency ;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by *Glasgow* town,
 We were a comely fight to see ;
 My Love was clad in velvet black,
 And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kifs'd
 That love had been sae ill to win ;
 I'd lockt my heart in case of gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver pin,
 Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon my nurse's knee ;
 And I mysel were dead and gane ;
 For maid again I'll never be !

My



My Deary, if thou die.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever Maid my heart shall gain,
 My *Peggy*, if thou die.
 Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me,
 Without thee I can never live,
 My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray!
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,
 My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With *Cupid's* raving rage;
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when it's destin'd day is done,
 With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share;
 You who it's faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair;
 Restore my *Peggy's* wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me;
 Oh! never rob them from those arms:
 I'm lost, if *Peggy* die.



L O C H A B E R.

FAREWELL to *Lochaber*, and farewell my
Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've many days
 been;
 For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
 We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.

These tears that I shed, they are a* for my
 dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho'

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my
mind.

Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my love on the
shore.

To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair
pain'd :

By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be
gain'd ;

And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands me, how can I re-
fuse ?

Without it I ne'er can have honour for thee ;
And without thy favour, I'd better not be.

I ga'e then, my Lafs, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
A heart I'll bring to thee with love running
o'er,

And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.



Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to
mourn?

Thy presence cou'd ease me,

When naething can please me:

Now dowie I figh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are gay, and mornings fae
clear,

While lav'rocks are singing,

And primroses springing;

Yet nane of them please my eye or my ear,
When thro' the wood, Laddie, ye dinna ap-
pear.

That I am forsaken, some spare nae to tell;

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning;

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, Laddie, I wander mysel.

Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away;

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
When thro' the wood Laddie, we'll dance, sing
and play.

My

My Nanny-O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their
 health
 'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,
 Bles and carefs my Nanny O,
 She bids more fair t' engage a *Jove*
 Then *Leda* did or *Danae* O :
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should fit but Nanny O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely—O !
 I guess what Heav'n is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely—O,
 Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the blefs'd *Britannia*,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

My bonny, bonny, Nanny—O,
 My lovely charming Nanny—O ;
 I care not tho' the whole world know
 How dearly I love Nanny—O.

MARY



MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of Heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair implore her,
 And at a distance due, adore her.
 O lovely Maid! my doubts beguile;
 Revive and bless me with a smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of *Yarrow*,

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My *Mary's* tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish.

With

With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When *Mary Scot's* become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise of *Yarrow*.



The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE *Lawland* Lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and wond'rous gawdy!
How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
And manly look of my *Highland Laddie*?
O my bonny bonny *Highland Laddie*,
O my handsome *Highland Laddie*,
When I was sick and like to die,
He row'd me in his *Highland plaidy*.

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest *Lawland Lady*,
I'd take young *Donald* without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted *plaidy*.
O my bonny, &c.

The brauest beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan *plaidy*.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er

O'er benty-hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my *Lawland* kin and dady.
 Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his *Highland* plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a *Lawland* Laird and Lady;
 But I can kifs, and be as glad
 Behind a bush in's *Highland* plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
 I ca' him my dear *Highland* Laddie;
 And he ca's me his *Lawland* Lafs,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my *Highland* Laddie.
O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
O my handsome Highland Laddie,
When I was sick and like to die,
He row'd me in his Highland plaidy.

Busk



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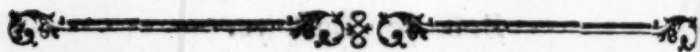
Busk ye, Busk ye.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 And let us to the braes of *Yarrow* :
 There will we sport and gather dew,
 Dancing while lav'rocks sing i'morning :
 There learn frae turtles to prove true ;
 O *Bell*, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes *Flora* yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to *Tweed*,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny *Bell*,
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 With free consent my fears repel ;
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.

Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
 Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting :
 O, Queen of Smiles, I ask na mair,
 Since now my bonny *Bell's* consenting.



JOHN HAY'S Bonny Lassie.

BY smooth winding *Tay* a fwain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, oh HAY ! maun I still live pining
 Myself thus away, and darna discover
 To my bonny lass, that I am her lover ?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes
 stronger ;
 If she's nae my bride, my days are nae langer ;
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture ;
 May be e'er we part, my vows may content
 her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding Day a good-
 morrow :
 The sward of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
 Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her
 graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell
sweeter:

'Tis Heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing;
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a
glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is con-
founded

I'm all in a fire, dear maid to carefs ye;
For a' my desire is HAY's bonny lassie.



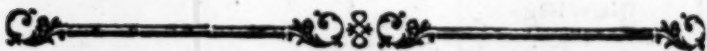
The bonniest Lafs in a' the Warld.

LOOK where my dear *Hamilia* smiles,
Hamilia! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles,
The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheek,
Fair seat of youthful pleasure;
There *Love* in smiling language speaks,
There spreads the rosy treasure.

O fairest maid, I own thy power;
I gaze, I sigh, and languish;
Yet, ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.

176 ORIGINAL POEMS,

But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.



Saw ye nae my Peggy,

SA W ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my *Peggy*,
Saw ye nae my *Peggy*,
Coming o'er the lee?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by Nature,
So compleat each feature,
So divine is she.

O! how *Peggy* charms me!
Ev'ry look still warms me,
Ev'ry thought alarms me,
Lest she love nae me.
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her;
That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
Till I happy be.

For

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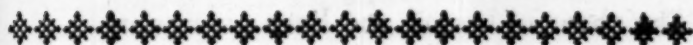
When
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For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her;
Cou'd I but obtain her,
Happy would I be!
I'll lay down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
'Till she pity me.



B O N N Y J E A N .

L O V E's goddess in a myrtle grove
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with speed,
Nor let the shaft at random rove,
For *Jeany's* haughty heart must bleed.
The smiling boy, with divine art,
From *Paphos* shot an arrow keen,
Which flew unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the nymph with haughty air,
 Refuses *Willy's* kind address;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 No more the youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 Whilst every day he spies some new
 Surprizing charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,
 His former sorrows seem a jest
 Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind;
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious fields of war look mean:
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny *Jean*.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer short'ned seems;
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze.
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 That *Troy's* prize, the *Spartan* Queen:
 With breaking day, he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.





ROSLIN CASTLE.

'T WAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That *Colin* with the morning ray
 Arose and sung his rural lay.
 Of *Nancy's* charms the shepherd sung;
 The hills and dales with *Nanny* rung,
 While *Roslin Castle* heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful swain.

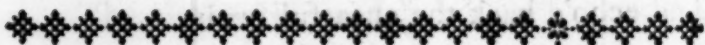
Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms; awake and sing;
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song;
 To *Nanny* raise the chearful lay;
 O! bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;
 And love inspires the melting song.

That

Then let my raptur'd notes arise ;
 For beauty darts from *Nanny's* eyes ;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O ! come, my love ! thy *Colin's* lay
 With rapture calls, O come away !
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine ;
 O ! hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charms this ravish'd breast of mine !



P I N K Y H O U S E .

BY *Pinky House*, oft let me walk,
 While circled in my arms,
 I hear my *Nelly* sweetly talk ;
 And gaze o'er all her charms.
 O let me ever fond behold
 Those graces void of art !
 Those chearful smiles that sweetly hold
 In willing chains my heart !

O come, my love! and bring a-new
That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulness of air, in you;
By Nature's hand design'd!
What beauty, like the blushing rose,
First lighted up this flame;
Which, like the sun, for ever glows
Within my breast the same!

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!

How vain is all your art!

How seldom it a lover brings!

How rarely keeps a heart!

O gather from my *Nelly's* charms

That sweet, that graceful ease;

That blushing modesty that warms,

That native art to please!

Come then, my love! O come along,

And feed me with thy charms;

Come, fair inspirer of my song,

O fill my longing arms!

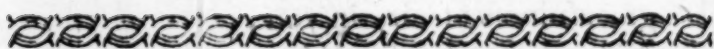
A flame like mine can never die,

While charms, so bright as thine,

So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,

And fill the soul divine!





A L L O A H O U S E.

THE spring-time returns, and cloaths the
green plains ;

And *Alloa* shines more chearful and gay ;

The Lark tunes his throat ; and the neighbouring
Swains

Sing merrily round me, where-ever I stray ;

But *Sandy* no more returns to my view ;

No spring time me cheers, no music can
charm ;

He's gone ! and, I fear me, for ever ! adieu !

Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm !

O *Alloa House* ! how much art thou chang'd !

How silent, how dull to me is each grove !

Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,

Alas ! where to please me my *Sandy* once
strove !

Here, *Sandy*, I heard the tales that you told ;

Here listened, too fond, whenever you sung ;

Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd
cold ?

Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue ?

So spoke the fair maid, when sorrow's keen pain,
And Shame, her last fault'ring accents sup-
press'd ;

For Fate, at that moment, brought back her dear
swain,

Who heard, and, with rapture, his *Nelly* ad-
dress'd ;

My *Nelly* ! my fair, I come ; O, my love !
No Power shall thee tear again from my arms ;
And, *Nelly* ! no more thy fond Shepherd re-
prove,

Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy
charms.

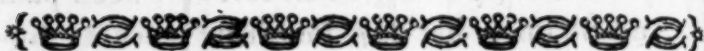
She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her soft
frame ;

And will you, my love ! be true ? she reply'd.
And live I to meet my fond Shepherd the same ?
Or dream I that *Sandy* will make me his
bride ?

O *Nelly* ! I live to find thee still kind ;

Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true ;
Then adieu to all sorrow ! what foul is so blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you ?

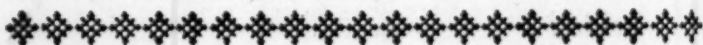




On seeing Miss L. B——'s PICTURE.

(By A. B. Esq;)

BOAST not, fair Portrait, to display
 Th' alluring force of beauty's ray;
 For thou but shin'st with borrow'd grace,
 Reflected from Lavinia's face;
 And only can'st attract our eye,
 When thy fair model is not nigh.
 Thus from the sun's all-scorching flame
 The moon receives her gentle beam;
 And, seated on her midnight throne,
 Thus shines, with lustre, not her own.



THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST:
 Or, THE BATTLE OF FLODEN.

I.

I'VE heard of a lilting,
 At our yews milking,
 Lasses a' lilting afore break of day;
 But now there's a moaning

On

On ilka green loaning
Since our bra' foresters are a' wade away.

II.

At the boughs, in the morning,
Nae young lads are scorning;
The Lassies are lonely, dowie, and wae:
Nae daffen, nae babbling,
But fighing and sobbling,
Ilk lass takes her legling, and hies her away.

III.

At e'en in the gloaming,
Nae yankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lassies, at bogle to play;
But ilka ane sits dreary,
Lamenting her deary,
Since our braw foresters are a' wade away.

IV.

In har'eft, at the shearing,
Nae yankies are jeering,
The bandsters are runkled, lieard, and gray;
At a fair or a preaching,
Nae oeing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foresters are a' wade away.

V.

V.

O dool for the order,
Sent them to the border,
The English for anes by guile got the day ;
The flowers of the forest,
That aye shone the fairest,
The prime of our land lies cold in the clay.

VI.

And now there's a' moaning,
On ilka green loaning,
The women and bairns are dowie and wae ;
There'll be nae mair lilting,
At our yews milking,
Since our braw foresters are a' wade away,

VII.

I've seen the smiling,
Of Fortune beguiling,
We felt all her favours, and found her decay ;
Sweet were her blessings,
Most kind her carressings,
But now they are dead, or all fled away.

VIII.

Sweet were her blessings,
And kind her carressings,

But

But now they are dead, or all fled away.
I've seen the forest,
Adorn'd the fairest,
With flowers of the finest, most pleasant, and
gay.

IX.

Sae bonny their blooming,
Their scent sae perfuming,
But now they are wither'd, and all wade away.
I've seen the morning,
With gold hills adorning,
Yet loud tempests storming, before middle-day.

X.

I've seen TWEED streaming,
With sun-beams all shining,
Grow dimly and bleak as he roll'd on his Way;
O fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting,
Why still thus perplex us, poor fons of a day!

XI.

No more your frowns fear me,
No more your smiles chear me,
The Flowers of the Forest are all wade away.



A

DESCRIPTION of the HUTS in ILAY

F R O M

Mr. PENNANT'S Voyage to the HEBRIDES,
in the Year 1772.

[By a CLERGYMAN.]

YE sons of Pleasure, giddy, prideful, throng,
Aborb'd in folly, listen to my song;
But chiefly ye, whose gen'rous bosoms glow
With kind emotions, while the haunts of woe
Ye visit; and, like Heav'n, impart relief 5
To direful Penury, Disease, and Grief:
Those scenes of wretchedness, with me, survey,
Where Want and Industry hold equal sway.

Born down with toil, nor crown'd with Plenty's
store,

Exists a Race, on * Ilay's naked shore ; 10
Who

* The Isle of *Ilay*, *Isla*, or (as it is called in *Erse*,) *Ille*, is of a square form, deeply indented on the South by the great bay of Loch-an-daal; divided from Jura, on the N. E. by the Sound, which is near fourteen miles long, and about one broad. The tides are most violent and rapid: The channel clear, excepting at the south; where there are some rocks on the Jura side. Twenty-eight miles long.
and

Who could believe that, since the arts began,
 Such sordid huts * could be th' abode of man?
 No builder's skill e'er plann'd the rude design,
 Nor rose the mass, by aid of plummet-line.
 Gross shapeless stones these bulging walls com-
 pose,
 Those gaping blanks, nor lime nor mortar close.
 Instead of Slate, or bak'd and kiln-burnt tile,
 Some shreds of turf adorn, and crown, the pile.
 Of fern, or straw, some huts a cover find,
 But ropes of heath must fence it from the wind. 20
 Across, assaunt, the motley net-work's cast,
 And poles, and pins, and stones must keep it
 fast.

As oft as, from th' Atlantic, tempests roar,
 A deluge, ting'd with foot, o'erspreads the floor.
 Thus, winds and rains, impetuous, all the year 25
 This tottering dome, alternate, rot and tear;

and divided into four parishes. The latitude of Freeport is 55 deg. 52 min. 29 sec. The face of the island is hilly, but not high. The land in many parts is excellent, but much of it is covered with heath, and absolutely in a state of nature.

A set of people worn down with poverty: Their habitations are scenes of misery, made of loose stones, without chimnies, without doors, except the faggot, opposed to the wind at one or other of the apertures, permitting the smoke to escape through the other, in order to prevent the pains of suffocation.

PENNANT'S Voyage, 4to. p. 228, 229.

* See the plate, p. 116, exhibiting a Cottage in Ilay.

Till thatch and turf, a spongy, putrid, mass,
 O'ergrows with bushy weeds, and matted grass.
 Should grass, *elsewhere*, on houses tops be seen,
 It withers, fades, and dies, e'er it be green: 30
 But, *here*, each roof luxuriant verdure yields,
 When summer suns have burnt the pasture fields.

These safe retreats the nightly thief defy;
 Envy'd exemption! there no treasures ly.
 Of wainscot plank, no massy folding door, 35
 With locks, and bars, the entrance keeps secure.
 When winds molest, when snows drive in a
 pace,
 A bunch of faggots fills the empty space.

Instead of glass, incas'd in wood, or lead,
 A sheep-skin peal'd and raw, or bladder spread 40
 O'er the rude casement, drives the cold away,
 And half-admits, and half-excludes the day.
 Those rig'rous laws which tax the light of
 Heav'n,
 (A bounty by kind Nature freely given
 To all her offspring,) do not yet extend 45
 To these poor huts. Perhaps the time's at hand,
 When unrelenting Statesmen may devise
 A law for taxing ev'ry pair of eyes.

No levell'd floor of stone, or wood, or clay,
 Invites your steps to tread this rugged way; 50
 For

For here a precipice, and there a pit,
Forbids you or to walk, or stand, or sit.

Depress'd, as in a grave of hollow'd earth,
(A sluggish mass of ashes fills the hearth,)
The smother'd pile of turf and unctuous peat, 55
Tho' summer-dry'd, emits nor light, nor heat,
Thro' ribs of grate, no gusts of fanning air
Foment the dying sparks. No chimney, there,
Collects the pitch-black cloud, nor bids it rise,
A tow'ring, smoaky, Column to the skies. 60
While, thus pent up, the dusky vapour strives
To find a vent, and fierce as whirlwind, drives;
It smarts, and blinds your eyes, obstructs your
breath,
And blows a prelude to the pangs of death.

A groupe which Pennant's mimic pencil
drew, 65
It now adorns his page, * attracts our view.

Thro' a wide gap, down from the summit falls
A gleam of light to cheer these dreary walls.
The focal pile, upon the hearth, below,
Invites the inmates in a circling row, 70
To ply their tasks, or spend a social hour
In pleasing respite from fell labour's pow'r.
Here sickness pines; here hoary helpless age
Reposes. Here, in childish glee, engage

* See the plate, p. 229, exhibiting the inside of a weaver's cottage in Ilay.

The infant throng, while love parental smiles, 75
To see their harmless pranks, and sportive wiles.

The faithful guardian of this rural dome
See plying hard the labours of the loom !
Conducted, by his skilful hands and eyes,
Swift, thro' the warp, his polish'd shuttle flies. 80
From early dawn, he toils, 'till midnight close
His weary'd eyes in sound, but short repose.
Tho' all his income scarce four groats a day,
No pining cares on his sound vitals prey.
Serene his brow, with hope his breast elate, 85
He trusts in Providence, and laughs at Fate.
While toils, unceasing, both his hands employ,
His spouse, and babes, he views with looks of joy !
That spouse whose slender loving arms embrace
A vig'rous infant smiling in her face. 90
Serene with lovely lips, he drains her breast,
Sweet source of health ; 'till peaceful downy rest
Seals up his eyes. No frightful thoughts annoy,
For dreams of innocence are dreams of joy.
Hence learn, ye Matrons of distinguish'd name, 95
That Nurse and Mother ought to be the same.
A hireling's care the duty ill supplies
Of love maternal, and maternal eyes.
In ancient times e'er tyrant Custom's sway,
Kind Nature's feelings had refin'd away, 100
Ev'n queens by pure affection's law constrain'd,
To nurse their young, like vulgar mothers deign'd.

Another

Another beauteous form, half naked, see
 A second favourite, standing by her knee.
 It's left her ruffet vestment holds, the right 105
 Points at some wish'd-for object, in it's sight.

Hard by our hostess sits a female friend,
 Dejected, pale, decay'd with sickness pain'd.
 This fainting heart no gen'rous cordials chear;
 No sons of Esculapius visit here. 110
 Regardless or of grandeur or of wealth,
 Her only pray'r is, "Heaven restore my health!
 To live I'm willing, and to death resign'd.
 Thy will be done! Heaven cannot be unkind."

By nature taught to melt at scenes of woe, 115
 Two comely babes their sport and play forego.
 While on a seat reclin'd *she* pants for ease,
This at her side attends, *that* by her knees.
 With throbbing hearts, and grief-dejected eyes,
 Each mourns her anguish, each repeats her
 sighs. 120
 This scene survey, and learn from this alone,
 "Young hearts can feel for sorrows not their
 own."

O let not riper years blush to bewail,
 And ease a friend tho' aged, poor, and frail.

Distinguish'd, by the sculptor's art, appears 125
 A venerable matron, sunk in years.
 No less she counts than fourscore winters spent
 In care and toil, unmix'd with discontent.

Her

Her open aspect wears the faint remains
 Of vernal bloom, admir'd by cottage swains, 130
 Of former days. Her virtue, sense refin'd,
 Sweet temper, truth, those virtues of the mind,
 Ensure respect from stranger, and from friend;
 The good admire them, and the bad commend.
 A graceful form must fade, strength must decay;
 Nay, Wit must yield to Time's all-conquering
 sway;
 But virtue grows more bright at life's decline,
 As setting suns with milder lustre shine.
 A fame untainted, and a conscience clear,
 Inspire sweet hopes, and heart-felt joys sincere: 140
 From all-consuming years these strength derive,
 Defy even death, the shroud and tomb survive.

Nor tutor'd, nor mislead by School, or Court,
 (There pores the book-worm, hither fools resort;)
 But taught by reason, with experience join'd, 145
 (Experience dear-bought treasure of the mind,)
 Thence rules of life refin'd and pure she draws,
 As Athens, or as Rome's imperial laws.

Some wear a badge of academic fame,
 An envy'd Title swells the sage's name; 150
 Else who would hear, or read, or deign to
 praise,
 What Wisdom, Learning, or Experience says.

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This Matron, skill'd in Truth's and Virtue's laws,
Obtains unpurchas'd and unbrib'd applause.
If num'rous fools the peasant's sense despise, 155
That sense the wiser few more highly prize.

Enraptur'd hangs on this instructive tongue,
A pupil, fairest of this youthful throng.
See, near the loom, that reverend matron sit,
While this bright form, attentive, at her feet, 160
Imbibes fair Wisdom's maxims, Virtue's rules,
And doctrine seldom taught so well in schools.
Each ray of light these maxims pure impart,
Conveys a virtuous impulse to her heart,
While truth still brightens on the docile mind, 165
The will to practise is the more inclin'd:
New transports fire her breast, new ardours rise
To catch each precious accent as it flies.
Such love of truth and wisdom, ah! how rare!
Reigns it in bosoms of the young and fair? 170

Thus, all the inmates of this cell obscure,
Contend each other's comfort to ensure.
If few the means of height'ning mutual bliss,
If small the pow'r of less'ning sad distress,
Yet praise is due where kind assiduous care 175
In mutual joys and griefs delights to share.

Laborious sages who, with fruitless pain,
Explore the records of wild Fiction's reign;
And thence rehearse, in forc'd romantic phrase,
Pretended deeds of worth in ancient days: 180

Say,

Say, is there aught you've read, or writ, or seen,
 Can be compar'd with this distinguish'd scene?
 A scene where duty prompts the sound, and
 strong
 To cherish and protect the sick and young;
 Where ripe experience dictates truths refin'd, 185
 And pours instruction on the op'ning mind.
 Where emulation's purest ardours glow,
 Joys to enhance, and to alleviate woe.
 Where Nature's law is love without alloy,
 And power is kindness, and subjection joy. 190

This sculptur'd page exhibits, next, to view
 A groupe of * implements, some old, some new,
 But all grotesque and mean; as is the cell
 Where Virtue, sweet Content, and Friendship
 dwell.

Pennant, the first, *with philosophic eye,* 195
 These mansions who survey'd, did here descry
 A massy chain, of various links, depend
 Straight from the roof, an' hook at nether end,

* The furniture perfectly corresponds: A pot-hook
 hangs from the middle of the roof, with a pot over a
 grateless fire, filled with fare that may rather be called a
 permission to exist, than a support of vigorous life: The
 inmates, as may be expected, lean, withered, dusky, and
 smoke-dried. But my picture is not of this island only.
 Ibidem.

Suspends:

Suspends a pot (o'er a dull grateless fire,)
 Replete with food, more fit to raise desire 200
 Of gen'rous viands, than to please the taste,
 Or vigour to improve, and stop the waste
 Produc'd by ruthless Toil's enfeebling pow'r,
 And pining hunger; which piece-meal devour,
 This organised mass of dust and clay, 205
 E'er long, death's victim, and corruption's prey.
 Convicts, and patients, thus their lives pro-
 long,
 By morsels never meant to make them strong.

Pot-herbs and grain, with what the dairy yields,
 Blest produce of the garden and the fields, 210
 To Nature's wants a fit recruit afford,
 If mod'rate plenty crown the frugal board.
 E'er Luxury, of polish'd life the bane,
 Had fix'd, below, her wide portentous reign,
 Such simple fare, to conquerors of the earth, 205
 Heroes and kings, a brawny race, gave birth.
 But those who neither farm, nor garden, hold,
 Nor reap the produce of the stall, or fold:
 Whose whole estate's a poor, *unpension'd* trade,
 Must feel, that bitter scourge, the want of
 bread. 220

In climes like *Ilay*, (where the industrious poor,
 Seldom employ'd, with casual toil procure
 A scanty pittance for the passing day,)
 The feeble springs of life must soon decay. 225

A sage for learning fam'd, but more for pride,
 And peevish sourness, ventures to deride

A a

A poor,

198 ORIGINAL POEMS,

A poor, but virtuous race, who life sustain
On (*food of horses,*) oats, or barley grain. *
Disdainful critic ! Would'st thou wheat refuse,
Which rats and mice, thy kindred vermine,
use ? 230

Unwholesome too, the turnip, would'st thou call,
Which fattens oxen at the grazer's stall ?
The peach and cherry wilt thou taste no more,
Which wasps and magpies feasted on before ?
Go, from thy bill of fare, the lamb exclude, 235
Of foxes, lions, wolves, the destin'd food.
Taste not, tho' parch'd with thirst, the cooling
rill,

Whence dogs, and swine, and asses, drink their
fill.

God said that all was good, when time began,
Oats still are good for horses and for man. 240
Acorns were good e'er Adam till'd the ground;
And wheat is good where'er it does abound.
Gross purblind Cynic, sneer no more, begone!
And feast on false philosophy alone.

A sage, more learned, and wise than thou, de-
clares, 245

(O let it not disgust thy squeamish ears,)

" A dish of herbs, where love and quietness
" reign,

" Excels an envy'd feast on bullocks slain." †

* " OATS. A grain, which, in England, is generally
" given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."
Dr. Johnson's *English Dictionary*.

† Solomon's Proverbs, *passim*.

Near

Near by the hearth a cauldron finds a place,
 It's use the sculptor's art can ill express. 250
 Would'st thou this nice, important lesson learn?
 The weaver's copper serves to boil his yarn.

See rang'd along the wall, expos'd to cold,
 Uncurtain'd bedsteads, meanly furnish'd, old.
 Here hang, by day, some unbleach'd shirts to
 dry; 255

And here, by night, repos'd the inmates ly.
 Couches of straw, or fern, or heath, invite
 Sleep, welcome guest, to spend the livelong
 night;

While that indignant power, with fable frown,
 Disdains the labour'd, costly, bed of down. 260

Of ill-compacted boards here stands a press;
 It's shelves some wooden plates and dishes grace.
 An osier-basket cramm'd with spoons of horn,
 And sieves of various forms it's sides adorn.
 On yonder stool reclines a slumb'ring cat, 265
 Beneath a shaggy watchful dog lies flat.

See, here and there arrang'd, but not by rule,
 A washing pail, a meal-tub seldom full,
 A pot, a pan, a gridiron, warping-mill,
 A salt-box, water-jar, a spinning-wheel, 270
 With heaps of lumber more, of which the Muse,
 Nor knows the names, nor has the skill to
 use,

Of these no more. But various scenes invite
 Our eyes, to where the walls and roof unite.
 No loft or plaister'd ceiling here is seen, 275
 To grace the dome, or keep it warm and clean.
 Above, around, this motley fabric wears
 An undelighting aspect. First appears
 A transverse beam, perhaps, of massy oak,
 It's native colour ting'd with ten years smoak:
 Here perch'd the joyful Harbinger of day, 281
 And feather'd mates sleep tedious night away;
 'Till fair Aurora, springing from the East,
 Calls to their wonted tasks both man and beast.
 Whatever object here attracts your eye,
 Is tinctur'd with the deepest ebon dye. 285
 The compound mass of rafters, wattles, turf,
 Wears a thick glossy crust of foot-bred scurf.

Unfightly are these huts: Yet, strange to tell!
 Diseases, rare, infest the humble cell. 290
 Of ease and luxury these haunt the throne,
 Where toil and temp'rance are alike unknown.
 Virtue survives ten thousand nameless ills;
 Vice, premature, her twice ten thousand kills.

Tho' Illy does not boast a fertile soil*, 295
 Tho' scanty increase crowns the peasant's toil;

* The produce is corn of different kinds; such as bear, which, sometimes, yields elevenfold; and oats six-fold.—Wheat has been raised with good success, in an inclosure belonging to the proprietor; but in an open country,

Those precious seeds of wealth this isle contains,
May aggrandise a race of future swains.

On her wide pastures flocks, and herds, appear,
While o'er her mountains bounds the stately
deer.

300

where most of the cattle go at large, it is impossible to cultivate that grain; and the tenants are unable to inclose. Much flax is raised here, and about 2,000 *l.* worth is sold out of the island in yarn, which might be better manufactured on the spot, to give employ to the poor natives, p. 228.

Notwithstanding the excellency of the land, about a thousand pounds worth of meal is annually imported. A famine threatened at this time; but was prevented by the seasonable arrival of a meal-ship; and the inhabitants, like the sons of Jacob, of old, flocked down to buy food, p. 229.

The country blest with fine manures; besides sea-wrack, Coral-shell, sand, rock and pit-marl; it possesses thirty-six square miles of limestone. What treasures, if properly applied, to bring wealth and plenty into the island! *ibid.*

Numbers of cattle are bred here, and above 1,700 are annually exported, at the price of fifty shillings each. The island is overstocked, and numbers die in March for want of fodder. None but milch-cows are housed: Cattle of all other kinds, except the saddle-horses, run out during winter. *Ibid.*

The number of inhabitants is computed to be between seven and eight thousand. About seven hundred are employed in the mines and in the fishery. *Ibid.*

Buchanan mentions corn, cattle, deer, and lead, as the staple commodities of this island: And Dr. Campbell, in his *Political Survey of Britain*, recommends the raising of timber, working of lead mines, and promoting the fishery as the best means of encouraging industry, and diffusing plenty among the inhabitants.

Where

Where rocks deform the soil, the planter's care
 May bid new forests wave aloft in air.
 Plantations, both the soil and clime adorn,
 And store up treasures for a race unborn ;
 If poor abodes now lodge the hardy swain, 305
 If scanty harvests crown the level plain.
 Of solid limestone, here, great store is found,
 To raise new domes, and fertilise the ground.
 Vast treasures, yet untouch'd, of leaden ore,
 Beneath her surface, reach from shore to shore. 310
 Here cod and ling frequent each winding bay,
 While shoals of herrings croud her spacious
 sea.

Befriend this isle; ye guardians of the state!
 Extend your influence, O ye good and great:
 But, first of all, may thy indulgence smile 315
 On thy paternal Realms, thou great Argyle!
 'Tis thine to rouse the drooping, languid, heart,
 And grant new vigour to each useful art ;
 To open ev'ry spring whence Virtue, Health,
 And Industry, and Trade, a nation's wealth, 320
 May flow; to thee a source of deathless praise,
 And of thy country's blifs, the lasting base.
 Thus rich and virtuous, how would *Ilay* smile,
 And vie in glory with her mother-isle !
 Her vigorous sons, a valiant, numerous band, 325
 Would crush Britania's foes by sea and land.
 Her seas, her mines, her pastures, and her plains,
 Wou'd spread new blessings o'er those waste do-
 mains,

The

The clust'ring isles, on Caledonia's shore,
Where want, and sloth inglorious, reigned before ;

Whence numbers yearly, to their country lost,
Visit, in quest of bread, the Atlantic coast.

Henceforth may these migrations ever cease !

At home may plenty smile, and white-rob'd,
peace,

Let faction die : be Love's and Virtue's train 335

The boast, the glory of Great George's reign.



DORINDA:



D O R I N D A:

A

T O W N E C L O G U E.

IN that sad season, when the hapless belle
With steps reluctant bid the town farewell
When surly husband's doom th' unwilling fair
To quit *St. James's* for a purer air,
And deaf to pity, from their much-lov'd town,
Relentless bear the beauteous exiles down,
To dismal shades, through lonely groves to
stray,

And sigh the summers live long months away;
With all the bloom of youth and beauty grac'd,
One morn *Dorinda*, at her toilet plac'd,
With looks intent, and pensive air, survey'd
The various charms her faithful glass display'd;
Eyes, that might warm the frozen breast of
age,

Or melt to tenderness the tyrant's rage;
Smiles, that enchanting with resistless art,
Stole unperceiv'd the heedless gazer's heart;
Dimples,

Dimples, where love conceal'd in ambush lay
 To aim his arrows at the destin'd prey;
 And lips, that promis'd in each balmy kiss
 Luxurious harvests of ambrosial bliss.
 Musing she sat, and watch'd each rising grace
 That shed it's lustre o'er her heav'nly face,
 Till lab'ring grief her anxious silence broke,
 And sighing, thus the lovely mourner spoke:
 " Were charms like these by erring Nature
 meant

For sober Solitude and calm Content?
 Must eyes so bright be doom'd to waste their fires
 On hungry Parsons and unfeeling Squires?
 Heav'n, whose decrees (if true what Priests have
 taught)

Are fram'd by justice, and with wisdom fraught,
 Sure ne'er created such a form as this
 For the dull purpose of domestic bliss.

Ah! no, these eyes were given in courts to
 shine,

Eyes which on vulgars gaze, are not like thine:

A short-liv'd sway of some few years at most

Is all, alas! the brightest Belle can boast,

E'er yet the hand of all-devouring Time

Lay waste her graces, and destroy her prime:

By slow degrees she feels her pow'r decay,

And younger beauties bear the palm away.

Whilst envious Fate thus hastens to destroy

The fleeting period of all female joy,

Shall barb'rous husbands (whose tyrannic rage

Nor pray'rs can mitigate, nor tears assuage,)

E'en in those years while youth and beauty bloom,
 To exile half her precious moments doom?
 She goes like some neglected flower to fade,
 And waste her sweetness in the lonely shade:
 'Till Winter (so the pitying Gods decree)
 Returning sets th' impatient captive free:
 Then swift emerging from the dull retreat,
 To town she flees, admiring crowds to meet.
 Her happy hours glide on from morn till night,
 One ceaseless round of exquisite delight;
 Balls, Op'ras, Concerts, *Almack's*, and *Soho*,
 By turns attended, various joys bestow:
 E'en crowded Routs, where Dulness ever dwells,
 Can yield delight to fashionable Belles.
 Old Maids and Prudes each night to feed their
 spleen,
 There, seeking whom they may devour, are
 seen;
 And, still repining that they must be chaste,
 Wou'd mar those pleasures they're forbid to
 taste.
 With envious eyes the brilliant nymph they view,
 Whilst eager crowds where'er she moves pursue.
 If to the Playhouse she by chance repair,
 (Not oft frequented by the well-bred fair)
 When through the house a solemn silence
 reigns,
 Each bosom feeling what the actor feigns.
 E'en in the midst of some affecting part,
 That wakes each soft emotion o' the heart,
 The doors fly open, whilst the pit, beneath,
 Their discontent in sullen murmurs breathe:

Forward

Forward she steps with graceful air, and spreads
A blaze of beauty on their wond'ring heads ;
Pit, Boxes, Galleries, at once concur,
Forget the play, and fix their eyes on her.
Scarce to the stage she turns her high-plum'd
head,

Or seems to mark one syllable that's said ;
But careless sits, and on her arm reclin'd,
Hears civil speeches from the Beaus behind ;
Or gently listens while some well-dress'd youth
In whisper'd accents vows eternal truth.
Obedient still to Pleasure's sprightly call
She quits the Play, and seeks the livelier Ball :
Each white-glov'd Beau, with haste his suit
prefers,

Presents his hand, and humbly begs for hers.
Well-pleas'd she hears the suppliant crowd
entreat,

And feels the triumph of her charms compleat.
Shou'd some blest youth be to the rest prefer'd,
Whose vows in private are with favour heard,
As through the dance with graceful ease she
moves,

Their meeting hands express their conscious
loves.

Malicious eyes the lover's looks restrain,
And cold discretion seals his lips in vain ;
The faithful hand can, unobserv'd, impart
The secret feelings of a tender heart :
And oh ! what bliss, when each alike is pleas'd,
The hand that squeezes, and the hand that's
squeez'd.

But whither, whither does my fancy roam ?
 Ah ! let me call the idle wand'rer home.
 Already *Phæbus*, with unwelcome ray,
 Has chas'd, alas ! the winter's fogs away.
 Through the sad town, at each deserted door
 Less frequent now the Footman's thunders roar;
 And waggons, loading in the dusty street,
 Forbode the horrors of a long retreat.
 Ye sister suff'ers, who must soon or late
 All share my sorrows, and partake my fate;
 Who, when condemn'd these bless'd abodes to
 quit,
 Like me may weep, but must like me submit.
 When overcome by man's superior force,
 Revenge is still the injur'd fair's resource :
 Revenge, at least, may make our suff'rings less,
 A husband's anguish sooths a wife's distress.
 When far from town, in some sequester'd spot,
 You mourn the hardship of our sex's lot,
 Ill humour, vapours, fullness and spleen,
 May add fresh horrors to the gloomy scene,
 And make the tyrants, who contrive your
 fate,
 Partake the misery themselves create.
 If, press'd by cares, they need a friend's relief,
 Be all your study to augment their grief ;
 If pleas'd or gay, your utmost arts employ,
 To sink their spirits, and dispel their joy ;
 Oppose their projects, cross their fav'rite views,
 Their wishes frustrate, their requests refuse ;
 And make them feel that discontented wives
 Can prove the torment of their husbands lives.

To



To a very learned and much celebrated Physician, on his assuming an ill-natured countenance, and appearing peevish, on reading a joke from the Pen of a Lady*.

(By Miss B—ce.)

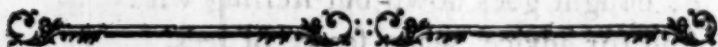
S AGE Doctor S— I do advise
 You'll not appear so over wise;
 For tho' you look so wond'rous cunning;
 I laugh, and cannot keep from punning:
 Which, in your presence, is unfit,
 As nought goes down but sterling wit:
 And for advice, when scarce of fees,
 I pay with only *chalk* and *cheese*.
 Ingratitude's the reigning vice,
 Then for such fee give not advice.
 Such treatment, sure, all things surpasses,
 "What, call Physicians formal Asses!"

Now Doctor, say, speak if you can,
 Why snarle at my Little Man?
 And why in dudgeon read that line
 Which does the letter S— define?
 And take such pains to find a flaw,
 More Names begin with S, than S—w.

Now on this subject more I'll talk:
 Why thus abuse my *cheese* and *chalk*?

* See Vol. I. p. 78.

Cheese is almost our staff of life,
 And ate by many a poor man's wife;
 'Tis food for full two-thirds of Men,
 And given by Doctors now and then,
 And shou'd one eat too much at dinner,
Old cheese will cure him, faint or sinner,
 And now for *Chalk: Magnesia Alba*,
 My favourite bottle at my elbow,
 Oft cures me of my stomach-ach,
 Makes me of meat and Cheese pertake;
 Without advice of you, grave Doctor,
 I eat an oyster and drink porter.
 Yourself then, Sir, no longer tease
 Nor harp again on *Chalk* and *Cheese*.



C O N T E N T M E N T.

(By the same.)

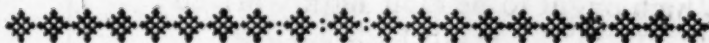
FEW are my wants, clean wholesome food,
 And raiment's all I claim;
 Nor mourn for robes I can't afford,
 That clothes the courtly dame.

I buy no more than I can pay,
 But set bounds to my wishes;
 And for my daily bread I pray,
 Nor think of lordly dishes.

Few

Few friends I boast, but those I have
 Sure must be firm and true;
 As I've no wealth, they can't deceive,
 Nor have self-ends in view.

Four floors above the street I sit,
 Contented, read or sing;
 And can in this exalted State,
 Look down on Court and King.



ROBIN CONSCIENCE:

O R

CONSCIONABLE ROBIN:

His Progress through Court, City, and Country;
 with his bad Entertainment at each several
 Place, &c. *Edinburgh*, Printed in the Year
 1683.

(By a Scots Courtier.)

I Have been quite through *England* wide,
 With many a faint and weary stride,
 To see what people there abide,
 That love me.
 Poor *Robin Conscience* is my name,
 Sore vexed with Reproach and Blame:
 For all, wherever yet I came,
 reprove me.

Few

Few now endure my Presence here :

I shall be banish'd quite, I fear ;

I am despised every where,

and scorned :

Yet is my Fortune, now and then,

To meet some good Woman or Man,

Who have (when they my Woes did scan)

fore mourned,

To think that *Conscience* is despised,

Which ought to be most highly prized :

This Trick the Devil hath devised,

to blind Men!

•Cause *Conscience* tells them of their Ways,

Which are so wicked now-a-days,

They stop their Ears to what he says,

unkind Men.

I first of all went to the Court,

Where Lords and Ladies did resort,

My Entertainment there was short,

cold Welcome :

As soon as e'er my Name was heard,

They ran away full fore afraid,

And thought some Goblin had appear'd,

from Hell come.

Conscience, quoth one, begone with Speed !

The Court few of thy Name doth breed,

We of thy Presence have no Need,

be walking.

Thou

Thou tell'st us of our Pride and Lust,
Which, spight of thee, we follow must,
So out of Court was *Conscience* thrust;
no Talking.

Thus banish'd, from the Court I went
To *Westminster* incontinent,
Where I, alas! was forely shent
for Coming.

The Lawyers did against me plead:
'Twas no great Matter, some there said,
If *Conscience* quite were knock'd in th' Head.
Then, running,

From them I fled with winged haste,
They did so threaten me to baste,
Thought it was vain my Breath to waste
in Counsel.

For Lawyers cannot me abide,
Because for Falseness I them chide,
And he, that holds not on their Side,
must down still.

Unto the City hied I then,
To try what Welcome there Tradesmen
Would give poor *Robin Conscience*; when
I came there,
The Shop-keepers that use Deceit,
Did come about me, and did threat,
Unless I would be gone, to beat
me lame there:

And every one, both high and low,
Held *Conscience* as a mortal Foe,
Because he doth ill Vices shew
each Minute.

Therefore the City in Uprore
Against me rose, and me so tore,
That I'm resolv'd, I'll never more
come in it.

On *Friday* I to *Smithfield* went,
Where being come incontinent,
The Horse-courfers, with one Consent,
did chide me.

They said, that I was not myself,
And said, I was a pinching Elf,
And they could get more Store of Pelf
beside me.

I told them of a cheating Trick,
Which makes the Horses run and kick,
By putting in an Eel that's quick,
i'th Belly.

Another which they use full oft,
To bear their lame Jades Heads aloft,
And beat their Buttocks till they're soft,
as Jelly.

I told them that their Wealth would rot,
That they by cheating Men thus got,
But they for this same Tale would not
abide me.

And

Told them they did make leffer Bread;
Did not the Law put them in Dread;
There's some of them would with them dead,
might Laws die.

Thus chid of them, my Way I took,
Unto *Pye-corner*, where a Cook
Glanc'd at me as the Devil did look,
o'er *Lincoln*.

Conscience, quoth he, thou shew'st not Wit,
In coming to this Place unfit:
I'll run thee thorow with a Spit;
then think on

Those Words to thee which I have said,
I cannot well live by my Trade,
If I should still require thy Aid
in Selling;
Sometimes one Joint I must roast thrice,
'Ere I can sell it at my Price,
Then here's for thee (who art so nice)
no Dwelling.

Perforce he drave me backward still,
Until I came unto *Snow-hill*,
The Sale-men there with Voices shrill
fell on me.

I was so irksome in their Sight
That they conjured me to Flight,
Or else they swore (such was their Spight)
they'd stone me.

206 ORIGINAL POEMS,

At *Turn-again Lane*, the Fish-wives there,
And Wenches did so rail and swear,
Quoth they, no *Conscience* shall come here,

we hate him :

Their Bodges, which for Half-pecks go,
They vowed at my head to throw :
No *Conscience* they were bred to know,
but Prating.

Away thus frightened by those Scolds,
To *Fleet-street* straight my Love it holds,
Where Men, whose Tongues were made in
Moulds of Flattery,
Did cry, what lack you Country-man ?
But seeing me away they ran,
As though the Enemy had began
his Battery ;

One said to others, Sir, ill News,
Here *Conscience* comes us to abuse,
Let us his Presence all refuse
together,
And boldly stand against him all,
We ne'er had Use of him, nor shall
He live with us, what Chance did call
him hither ?

The Haberdashers, that sell Hats,
Hit *Robin Conscience* many Pats,
And, like a Company of Cats,
they scratch'd him :

Quoth

Quoth they, why com'st thou unto us,
 We love not *Conscience*, refusing thus,
 They gave him Words opprobrious,
 and match'd him.

The Mercers and Silk-men also,
 That live in *Pater-noster Row*,
 Their Hate against poor *Conscience* show :
 and, when I
 Came to that Place, they all did set
 On me, 'cause I their Gain would let,
 Who will both swear and lye to get
 one Penny.

From thence unto *Cheapside* I past,
 Where Words in vain I long did waste,
 Out of the Place I soon was chac'd.

Quoth one Man,
Conscience, for thy Presumption base,
 Intruding to this golden Place,
 Thou Death deserv'st, therefore a-pace,
 begone Man :

Think'st thou that we have so much Gold,
 Before our Eyes still to behold,
 Will this by *Conscience* be control'd,
 and curbed !

Oh, no poor Fellow, haste away,
 For, if long in this Place thou stay,
 Thou shalt be (I'll be bold to say)
 disturbed.

From

From thence I turned down *Bread-street*,
 A Cheefe-monger I there did meet,
 He hied away with winged Feet

to shun me.
 How now, quoth I, why run you so?
 Quoth he, because I well do know,
 That thou art *Conscience* my old Foe,
 thou'st done me

Great Wrong; while I made Use of thee,
 And dealt with all Men honestly,
 A rich Man I could never be:

but since then,
 I banish'd have thy Company,
 And us'd Deceit with those that buy,
 I thrive, and therefore *Robin* his
 thee hence then.

I left him with his bad Intent,
 And into *Fish-street* straight I went,
 Among those Lads, who wish that *Lent*
 were all Year:

As soon as e'er they me espy'd,
 They all at once upon me cry'd,
 And swore that *Conscience* should not guide
 a Stall there.

I seeing things thus seeming strange,
 That all Men did from Goodness range,
 Did hie me straight to the *Exchange*:
 A Merchant

Was

Was so affrighted when I came,
 But presently he blush'd for Shame,
 His Countenance did shew the same
 in searchant.

Quoth he, Friend *Robin*, what dost thou
 Here among us Merchants now
 Our Business will not allow
 to use thee :
 For we have Traffick without thee :
 And thrive best, if thou absent be,
 I, for my part, will utterly
 refuse thee.

I, being thus abus'd below,
 Did walk up Stairs, where on a Row,
 Brave Shops of Ware did make a Show
 most sumptuous.
 But, when the Shop-folk me did spy,
 They drew their dark Light instantly,
 And said, in coming there was I
 presumptuous.

The gallant Girls, that there sold Knacks,
 Which Ladies and brave Women lack,
 When they did see me they did wax
 in Choler.
 Quoth they, we ne'er knew *Conscience* yet,
 And, if he comes our Gains to lett,
 We'll banish him, he'll here not get
 one Scholar.

I, being jeered thus and scorn'd,
 Went down the Stairs, and sorely mourn'd,
 To think that I should thus be turned
 a Begging.
 To *Gracechurch-street* I went along,
 Where dwell a great ungracious Throng,
 That will deceive both Old and Young
 with Cogging :

As Drapers, Poulterers, and such,
 Who think they never get too much :
 The Word *Conscience* to them is *Dutch*,
 or *Spanish*.
 And harder too, for Speech they'll learn,
 With all their Heart to serve their Turn,
 But *Conscience*, when they him discern,
 they banish.

I seeing all the City given
 To use Deceit in Spight of Heaven,
 To leave their Company, I was driven
 per force then.
 So over *London-bridge* in Haste,
 I, hiss'd and scoff'd of all Men past,
 Then I to *Southwark* took, at last,
 my Course then.

When I came there, I hop'd to find
 Welcome according to my Mind,
 But they were rather more unkind
 than *London* :

All Sorts of Men and Women, there,
Ask'd how I durst to them appear,
And swore my Presence they would clear
abandon.

I being fore a-thirst, did go
Unto an Ale-house in the Row,
Meaning a Penny to bestow
on strong beer.

But, 'cause I for a Quart did call,
My Hostels swore she'd bring me Small,
Or else I should have none at all :
 thus wrong'd there,

I bade her on her Licence look ;
Oh, Sir, quoth she, ye are mistook,
I have my Lesson without Book,
most perfect.

If I my Licence should observe,
And not in any Point to swerve,
Both I and mine, alas ! should starve,
not surfeit :

Instead of Quart-pot of Pewter,
I fill small Jugs, and need no Tutor:
I Quartridge give to the Geometer

most duly;
And he will see, and yet be blind,
A Knave made much of will be kind,
If you be one, Sir, tell your Mind.
No truly.

And bade me get hence a-pace,
Or else they'd claw me by the Face :
They swore they scorn'd me and all Grace,
most proudly.

I walk'd into St George's Field,
Where rooking Rascals I beheld,
That all the Year their Hopes did build
on Cheating :
They were close playing at nine Pins,
I came and told them of their Sins :
Then one among the rest begins
intreating,

That I would not torment them so :
I told them that I would not go :
Why then, quoth he, I'll let thee know,
we care not :
And yet we'll banish thee per force :
Then he began to swear and curse,
And said, prate on till thou art hoarse,
and spare not.

I left them in their Wickedness,
And went along in great Distress,
Bewailing of my bad Success,
and Speed.
A Wind-mill standing there hard by,
Towards the same then passed I,
But when the Miller did me spy,
he cried,

Away

Away with *Conscience* I'll none such,
That smell with *Honesty* so much,
I shall not quickly fill my Hutch
by due Toll;

I must, for every Bushel of Meal,
A Peck if not three Gallons steal,
Therefore with thee I will not deal,
thou true Soul.

Then leaving Cities, Skirts and all,
Where my welcome it is but small,
I went to try what would befall
i' th' Country.

There thought I to be entertain'd :
But I was likewise there disdain'd
A long Time bootless I complain'd
to th' Gentry .

And yet no Service could I have,
Yet, if I would have play'd the Knave,
I might have had Maintenance brave
among them.

Because that I was *Conscience* poor,
Alas! they thrust me out of Door,
For *Conscience*, many of them swore,
did wrong them.

Then went I to the Yeomenry,
And Farms all of the Country,
Desiring them most heartily
to take me;

I told

I told them I would sell their Corn
Unto the Poor; but they did turn
Me out of Doors, and with great Scorn
forfook me;

One said, he had no Use of me,
To sell his Corn, for I, quoth he,
Must not be only rul'd by thee,
in Selling.

If I shall *Conscience* entertain,
He'd make me live ingrossing Gain,
Here is for thee, I tell thee plain,
no Dwelling.

Thus, from the rich Men of the World,
Poor Conscience up and down is hurl'd,
Like angry Curs at me they snarl'd,
and check'd me.

Alas! what shall I do thought I,
Poor *Robin*, must I starve and die?
I, that I must, if no body
respect me.

At last I to myself bethought,
Where I must go ; and Heaven brought
Me to a Place where poor Folks wrought
most forely,

And there they entertain'd me well
With whom I ever mean to dwell,
With them to stay, it thus befel
though poorly.

Thus

216 ORIGINAL POEMS,

Thus People that do labour hard,
Have *Robin Conscience* in Regard;
For which they shall have their Reward
in Heaven.

For all their Sorrows here on Earth,
They shall be filled with true Mirth,
Crowns shall to them at second Birth
be given.

And all those Caitiffs that deny'd,
To entertain him for their Guide,
When they by *Conscience* shall be try'd
and judged,
Then will they wish that they had us'd
Poor *Conscience* whom they have refus'd,
Whose Company they have abus'd,
and grudged.

Thus *Robin Conscience* that hath had,
Amonst most Men, but Welcome bad,
He now hath found, to make him glad,
Abiding.

'Mong honest Folks that hath no Lands,
But got their Living with their Hands,
These are the Friends that to him stands,
and's Guiding.

These shall keep *Conscience* from grim Death,
And ne'er gainsay whate'er he saith:
These lead their Lives so here beneath,
that dying,

They

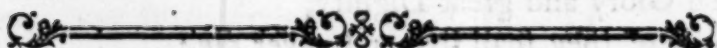
In Hell the Wicked lie, who would
Not use true *Conscience* as they should :
This is but for a Moral told

He that observes may somewhat spy,
That favours of Divinity,
For Conscienceable Folks did I

And so I'll bring all to an End,
It can no honest Man offend,
For those, that *Conscience* do defend,
it praises.

And if that any gall'd Jade kick,
The Author hath devis'd a Trick,
To turn him loose it'he Fields to pick
up Daifies.





The PLOUGHMAN.

THE Ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 And a' his work's a pleasure,
 But when that he comes home at e'en
 He hugs me as his treasure.

*Up wi't now my Ploughman lad,
 Come up wi't now my Ploughman,
 Of all the lads that e'er I saw
 Commend me to the Ploughman.*

Now that the blooming spring's come on,
 He takes his yoaking early,
 And whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
 He gae to fallow chearly.
Up wi't now, &c.

Whan hame my Ploughman comes at e'en,
 He's aften wet and weary;
 Cast off the wet, but on the dry,
 And gae to bed my dearie.
Up wi't now, &c.

Right glad I'll wash my Ploughman's hofe,
 And I will wash his o'erly ;
 And well I'll make my Ploughman's bed,
 And chear him late and early.
Up wi't now, &c.

He ploughs up hill and ploughs up dale,
 And ploughs up faugh and fallow,
 Wha winna drink the Ploughman's health
 Is but a dirty fellow.
 Merry butt and merry ben,
 And merry is my Ploughman,
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the Ploughman.



DRAP O' CAPIE O.

THERE liv'd a wife in our gate end,
 She lo'd a drap o' capie O,
 And a' the gear that she had glean'd,
 She slipt it in her gabie O.
 Upon a frosty winter's night,
 The wife had got a drapie O,
 And pil'd her coats for lack of sight,
 To find the chamber patie O.

But she awa' to her goodman,
 They ca'd him *Tamie Lamie O*,
 Gae ben and fetch the bottle man,
 That I may get a dramie O :
 Poor *Tamie* was an honest man,
 Himsel he took a capie O,
 It was nae o'er his craig half gane,
 'Till she was on his tapie O.

Quoth she ye poor mean silly doof,
 I canna ha'e a drapie O,
 But ye maun drink of it, forsooth,
 The De'el stap up your crapie O :
 She paid him weel baith sides and pow,
 And sair she creish'd his backie O,
 And made his skin baith black and blue,
 And gar'd his shouthers crackie O,

Then he's awa' to the malt barn,
 And he has ta'en a pockie O,
 He put her in baith head and starn,
 And cast her o'er his backie O :
 The carling spurn'd wi' head and feet,
 The carle he was sae ackie O,
 To ilka wall that he did meet,
 He gar'd her head play knackie O.

Goodman, quoth she, you'll murder me,
 My brains you out will knockie O,
 The other hitch he aye did gi'e,
 Lye still you devil's buckie O :

Goodman

Goodman I'm like to make my burn,
O let me out good *Tamie* O,
Then he set her upon a stane,
And bad her pish a damie O.

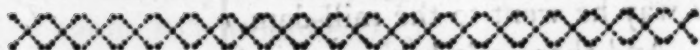
Then *Tamie* took her aff the stane,
And put her in the pockie O,
And when to spurn she did begin,
He lent her ay a knockie O:
Away he went to the mill-dam,
And there ga'e her a duckie O,
And ilka chiel that had a rung,
Play'd thump upon her backie O.

And when he took her hame again,
He did hing up the pockie O,
At her bedside there to remain,
Upon a little knagie O:
That ilka day that she up rose,
In naithing but her smockie O,
Sae soon as she shot out her nose,
She might behold the pockie O.

Now all ye men baith far and near,
That have a drunken tutie O,
Duck you your wives, ye need na fear,
For I'll lend you the pockie O:
The wife did live for nineteen years,
And was fu' frank and cuthie O,
And since she got the duck and skares,
She never has been drouthie O.

At

At last the carling chanc'd to die,
 And *Tamie* did her bury O.
 And for the public good quoth he,
 I'll e'en gar print the curie O:
 And this her motto he had made,
 Here lies an honest luckie O,
 Who never left the drinking trade,
 Until she got a duckie O.



BRAES OF BALLANDEN.

BENEATH a green shade a lovely young
 swain,
 One evening reclined to discover his pain.
 So sad yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
 flow,
 Rude winds with compassion could hear him
 complain,
 Yet Cloe less gentle was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
 E'er Cloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view,
 Those eyes then with pleasure, the dawn could
 survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful then
 they,

Now

Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew,
From sunshine zephyrs and shades we repair;
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air.
But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
No winter can cool it, no summer enflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires;
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind;
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my
mind;
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care!
To lengthen it's moments that lengthens de-
spair.



The SPINNING ROCK.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle
tow,

And she wad gae try the spinning o't,
But loutan her down, her rock took a low,
And that was an ill begining o't.

She

She spat on't, she flet on't, and tramp on its
 pate,
 But a' she cou'd do it wad hae its ain gate,
 At last she fat down on't and bitterly grat,
 For e'er having try'd the spinning o't.

I hae been a wife these three-score of years,
 And never did try the spinning o't,
 But how I was fark'd foul fa' them that speirs,
 To mind me o' the beginning o't.
 The women are now a-days turned fae bra',
 That ilk ane maun ha'e a fark, some maun ha'e
 twa.

But better the warld was when fint ane ava
 To hinder the first beginning o't.

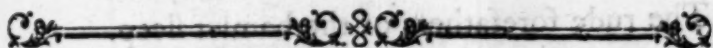
Foul fa' them that e'er advised me to spin,
 It minds me o' the beginning o't.
 I well might have ended as I had begun,
 And ne'er to have tried the spinning o't.
 But she's a wife wife wha kens her ain weird,
 I thought ance a day it wad never be spier'd,
 How let you the low tak the rock by the
 beard,
 When you gaed to try the spinning o't.

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart
 fab,
 To think o' the ill beginning o't.
 I took't in my head to mak me a wab,
 And this was the first beginning o't.

But

But had I nine daughters as I hae but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,
 That they wad frae spinning still keep their hands
 free
 For fear of an ill beginning o't.

But if they in spite of my council wad run
 The dreary sad task o' the spinning o't,
 Let them find a loun seat light up by the fun,
 Syne venture on the beginning o't:
 For wha's done as I've done, alake and avow!
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low!
 They'll say that I had little wit in my pow:
 The muckle De'il take the spinning o't.



AN ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

By Mr. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

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Now

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
 sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The mopping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign,

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's
 shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
 heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
 shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife play her evening care :
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share,

Of

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
 stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted
 vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath;
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have
 sway'd,
 Or wake'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless
 breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
 fin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth, to
 hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd deed
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

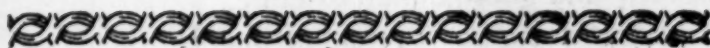
There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide wou'd he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he wou'd rove ;
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow thro' the churchway path we saw him
 born,
 Approach and read (for he could read) the
 lay,
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.





T H E
O R I G I N
O F
S O N G - W R I T I N G *.

*Illic indocto primum se exercuit arcu ;
Hæc mihi quam doctas nunc habet ille manus.*

TIBUL.

(By Miss Aikin.)

W H E N Cupid, wanton boy, was young,
His wings unfledg'd, and rude his
tongue,
He loiter'd in Arcadian bowers,
And hid his bow in wreaths of flowers ;
Or pierc'd some fond unguarded heart,
With now and then a random dart ;
But heroes scorn'd the idle boy,
And love was but a shepherd's toy :
When Venus, vex'd to see her child
Amid the forests thus run wild,

* Addressed to the Author of Essays on Song-Writing,

Would

Would point him out some nobler game,
 Gods, and godlike men to tame.
 She seiz'd the boy's reluctant hand,
 And led him to the virgin band,
 Where the sister Muses round
 Swell the deep majestic found ;
 And in solemn strains unite,
 Breathing chaste, severe delight :
 Songs of chiefs, and heroes old,
 In unsubmitting virtue bold ;
 Of even valour's temperate heat,
 And toils to stubborn patience sweet ;
 Of nodding plumes, and burnish'd arms,
 And glory's bright terrific charms.

The potent sounds like light'ning dart
 Resistless thro' the glowing heart ;
 Of power to lift the fixed soul
 High o'er fortune's proud controul ;
 Kiadling deep, prophetic musing ;
 Love of beauteous death infusing ;
 Scorn, and unconquerable hate
 Of tyrant Pride's unhallow'd state.
 The boy abash'd, and half-afraid,
 Beheld each chaste, immortal maid :
 Palas spread her Ægis there ;
 Mars stood by with threat'ning air ;
 And stern Diana's icy look
 With sudden chill his bosom struck.

Daughters of Jove receive the child,
 The queen of beauty said, and smil'd ;

(Her

(Her rosy breath perfum'd the air,
 And scatter'd sweet contagion there ;
 Relenting nature learn'd to languish,
 And sicken'd with delightful anguish :)
 Receive him, artless yet and young ;
 Refine his air and smoothe his tongue :
 Conduct him thro' your fav'rite bowers,
 Enrich'd with fair perennial flowers,
 To solemn shades and springs that lie
 Remote from each unhallow'd eye ;
 Teach him to spell those mystic names
 That kindle bright immortal flames ;
 And guide his young unpractic'd feet
 To reach coy learning's lofty seat.

Ah luckless hour ! mistaken maids !
 When Cupid fought the Muse's shades :
 Of their sweetest notes beguil'd,
 By the sly insidious child.
 Now of power his darts are found
 Twice ten thousand times to wound,
 Now no more the slacken'd strings
 Breathe of high immortal things,
 But Cupid tunes the Muse's lyre
 To languid notes of soft desire.
 In every clime in every tongue,
 'Tis love inspires the poet's song :
 Hence Sappho's soft infectious page ;
 Monimia's woe ; Othello's rage ;
 Abandon'd Dido's fruitless prayer ;
 And Eloisa's long despair ;

The garland blest'd with many a vow,
For haughty Sachariffa's brow;
And wash'd with tears, the mournful verse
That Petrarch laid on Laura's herse.

But more than all the sister choir,
Music confess'd the pleasing fire.
Here sovereign Cupid reign'd alone;
Music and song were all his own.
Sweet as in old Arcadian plains,
The British pipe has caught the strains:
And where the Tweed's pure current glides,
Or Liffy rolls her limpid tides,
Or Thames his oozy waters leads
Thro' rural bowers or yellow meads,
With many an old romantic tale
Has cheer'd the lone sequester'd vale;
With many sweet and tender lay
Deceiv'd the tiresome summer-day.

'Tis yours to cull with happy art
Each meaning verse that speaks the heart;
And fair array'd, in order meet,
To lay the wreath at beauty's feet.



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T H E

ZEALOUS CONSTABLE.

(By Mr. PENNYCUICK.)

A Zealous brother of the canting crew,
 A sabbatarian, stricter than a Jew,
 Who thinks hypocrisy a gospel creed,
 And solid piety but a legal weed.
 On his reforming survey, Sabbath last,
 (He'll turn that festival into a fast,)
 Seiz'd on a juicy joint of roasted meat,
 And bid the graceless owner chew the spit,
 Ungracious man! I'll execute the law,
 And keep it to my own spiritual maw.
 The plunder'd person staring in his face,
 Cry'd, twenty de'ils gae down, make that the
 grace.

The seizure's made, O! then he gravely
 says,
 For when he robs he penitently prays,
 Ale drinking's a sad sin, but none of mine;
 The spirit rises better with good wine.

The

G g 2

There's

There's yet another sin which much prevails,

Women on Sabbaths bearing milking pails;
Elders and deacons, tho' the churches prop,
Had never courage yet to seize a stoup.
Off'cer, go take the milk from yon milk-
maids,
And poind their pinner, since they have no
plaids.

The beadle said, before he made them stand,
This holy work will four upon our hand.

But he chastis'd a worse transgression yet;
This holy man is for his office fit:
People prophane, whose tongue are Satan's
swords,
Transmit their venom to their bairns and
birds,

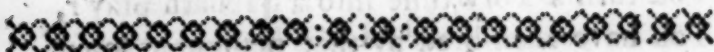
A starling, hatch'd in some malignant nest,
Had learn'd a song which should not be ex-
prest;
Thrice with his baton did he touch the cage,
And roaring forth, like doctor on a stage,
Cries, O thou art a mad malignant bird,
To sing a song that's treason every word!
Had ye been taught by me, a bow-head faint,
You'd sung the solemn league and covenant;
Bessy of Lanerk, or the last good night;
But you're a bird prelatie, that's not right:

You

You have a breath that doth pollute the air,
 You turn a Tory tune into a Sabbath pray'r,
 You have been bred by that malignant lown,
 Dean of Dumblain, I seiz'd upon his gown.
 Go, take it to the guard, and owner both,
 Until they swear the abjuration-oath :
 Compear before the constables and session,
 And make an ample and sincere confession.
 These starlings are an unco kind of folk :
 This is a rebel worse than the muir-cock.
 O cou'd my baton reach the lav'rocks too,
 They're chirping Jamy, Jamy, just like you.
 I hate vain birds that lead malignant lives,
 But love the chanterers to the Bow-head wives.

The captain smil'd to see the merry jest,
 A well-bred *bird* mock'd by an ill-bred *beast*.





E P I T A P H S.

O N

MARJORY SCOT OF DUNKELD.

(By the same.)

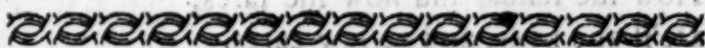
STOP, passenger, until my life you read,
The living may get knowledge from the
dead.

Five times five years I liv'd a virgin life ;
Five times five years I was a virtuous wife ;
Ten times five years a widow grave and chaste ;
Now wearied of this mortal life I rest :
Betwixt my cradle and my grave were seen,
Eight mighty kings of Scotland, and a queen :
Four times five years the Common-wealth I
saw ;

Ten times the subjects rise against the law,
And which is worse than any civil war,
A king arraign'd before the subjects bar ;
Swarms of Sectarians, hot with hellish rage,
Cut off his royal head on open stage.

Twice

Twice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,
 And twice the cloak did sink beneath the gown.
 I saw the Stewart race thrust out ; nay more,
 I saw our country fold for English ore :
 Our num'rous nobles who have famous been,
 Sunk to the lowly number of sixteen.
 Such desolations in my days have been,
 I have an end of all perfection seen.



***** O N *****

JOHN PETTIGREW Minister at GIVAN.

(By the same.)

HERE lies a rev'rend Givan priest,
 Who sure against his will's deceast ;
 His soul's to Abram's bosom fled,
 As by his rev'rend elders said.
 Others who knew his youthful joys,
 Say, Sarah's rather was his choice.
 But be it as it will, his scabbard's humbl'd,
 Death tripp'd up his heels, and down he
 tumbled.

Lady

Twice

Lady SHAW's EPITAPH,

In Greenock Church-yard,

HERE lies interr'd beside a witch,
Th' oppressor both of poor and rich :
How she fends, and how she fares,
De'il ane kens, and as few cares.

On JOHN BELL.

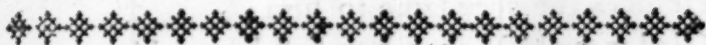
I John Bell smith lie under this stane,
Four of my sons laid it on my wame ;
I was man of my meat, and master of my wife,
And liv'd in my own house without meikle strife.
If thou be'st a better man in thy time than I was
in mine,
Take this stane aff my wame and lay't on top of
thine.

On a Black-smith.

MY sledge and hammer's both declin'd ;
My bellows too have lost their wind ;

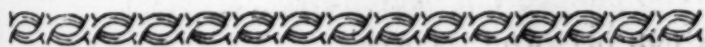
My

My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my vife is laid;
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.



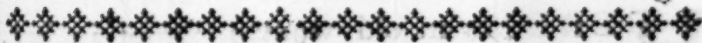
ON GEORGE BUTTON, Taylor.

REader, bid every taylor leave his house,
Knights of the ancient order of the louse;
Hither resort to see that death's turn'd dast,
For he's commence'd a brother of the craft.
Never such wonder seen betwixt the poles,
All the graves here are turn'd to button-holes,
And fill'd with buttons: Oh! 'tis strange indeed,
Made without hands, a needle, or a thread.



ON MR. WILLIAM MORE.

HERE lies More, and no more than he:
More and no more, how can that be?



ON GEORGE FAICHNEY.

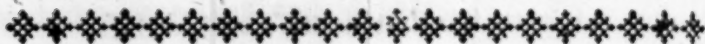
Beneath this turff lies Geordie Faichney,
A gamester and the Devil's hackney;
Who liv'd by cheating at the cards,
'Prentice boys and senseless lairds.

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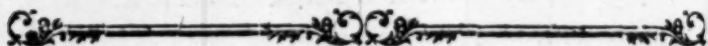
Blyth

Blyth was he when he drew his breath,
 And dy'd a right, gay dancing death ;
 Because one day he got his draught in,
 And burnt the flesh of James M'Naughton,
 Now Satan's got him by the limb;
 He does the very same to him :
 Glad was old Nick, when first he got him,
 Haul'd to his pit that wants the bottom ;
 Whispering to him in his ear,
 My ain Geordie, welcome here !



On JOHN DAVIDSON in Aberdeen.

HERE lies John Davidson,
 Burgefs Aberdonensis;
 Who builded this church-dyke,
 Upon his own expences.



On an old Woman.

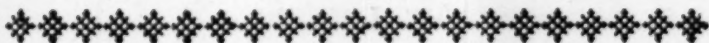
HERE lies an old woman, wrapt in her
 linen,
 Mother to James and Thomas Binnin ;
 Who for want of a coffin was buried in a
 girnel ;
 The earth got the shell, and the De'il got the
 kernel.

The



The Character of a PRISON.

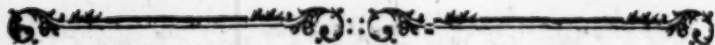
A Prison is a house of care,
 A place where none can thrive,
 A touch-stone for to try a friend;
 A grave to one alive;
 Some times a place of right,
 Some times a place of wrong,
 Some times a place for whores and thieves,
 Some honest men among.



On PROVIDENCE.

ARE not the ravens fed, great God, by
 thee?
 And wilt thou clothe the lilies, and not me?
 I'll ne'er distrust my God for clothes and bread,
 Whilst lilies flourish, and the ravens feed.





S T A N Z A S

To the Memory of JOHN CALLENDAR,
 who was washed from the Shrowds of the
 SALLY, CAPT. THOMSON, in a Gale
 at Sea, *October 1775.*

(By a Passenger.)

I.

COME, Resignation! lovely maid!
 The sadly sorrowing verse inspire:
 Come, with thy melting looks array'd,
 To sadness tune the trembling lyre.

II.

To misery's pang thou giv'st relief:
 'Tis thine to ward affliction's dart;
 Yes, thou can'st sooth the pangs of grief,
 The sorrowings of a bleeding heart!

III.

III.

A weeping mother claims thy aid
To charm the pangs of wild despair :
In ocean's cave the son is laid,
Who sooth'd his parent's age from care,

IV.

One night, the Spirit of the Waves
Call'd forth his subjects of the deep :
That night wash'd many to their graves,
Left many a mother long to weep !

V.

Poor *Callendar* was doom'd that night,
To swell the numbers of the dead ;
No more to view the morning light,
No more to earn his parent's bread.

VI.

Waves upon waves were doubly tost,
And louder blew the dreadful gale ;
Confusion ! horror ! all seem'd lost !
The cry was, " Shorten, boys, the fail !"

VII.

" Come hand the topfail !" next the cry,
" Or we shall find a wat'ry grave !"

See

See how the billows meet the sky !

Mark, mark ! how swells that monstrous
wave !

VIII.

Tempest and horror mark'd the clouds,
And threatn'd misery to the world ;
When by a wave from off the shrouds,
Poor *Callendar*, alas ! was hurl'd !

IX.

Thrice rose he on the circling deep,
And brav'd old Ocean's ruthless arm ;
" Will ye, who now in safety sleep,
" Still save a mother's age from harm ?"

X.

" Save her ! " he cry'd, and then expir'd,
In rolling waves, this hopeful youth !
Whose breast by Virtue was inspir'd,
Whose words were guided by fair Truth !

XI.

Young *Callendar*, alas ! tho' poor,
His little earning oft did give
To cheer a mother's starving hour,
And help his parents, poor, to live !

Those

XII.

Those deeds of charity are done,
His youthful virtues now are o'er !
His sands which measure'd life are run,
Cold lies he on the wintry shore !

XIII.

This, *Callendar*, shall be thy lot,
Let this thy aged parents hear :
When wealthier men shall be forgot,
O'er thy pale corse we'll drop a tear !

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